

INSPIRATION

The time on my watch showed 2:30 AM as I landed at the IG International, New Delhi on a chilly December morning in 2018. The intercontinental route on that day was inexplicably busy, with so many flights landing and taking off so it took a while to clear my luggage. Harsh Gupta, my secretary looked awfully tired due to jet lag, so I waited as his luggage was cleared first. I too was exhausted and my body was paining from neck to toe; I longed for the comfort of my cozy home. Frustratingly I looked at the youngsters surrounding me, clicking selfies and howling for autographs. I had never thought that my books on economics, politics, and motivation were so popular among today's youth; or was the adulation because I am the son of a successful industrialist, about to take over the vast business empire? Or was it because I am the proud owner of over 120 technology patents? I gave the mental equivalent of a philosophical shrug.

My eyes searched for a familiar face as I had been away from my homeland for a long time and feeling homesick. I was more than relieved to see our old driver Santosh coming towards me. He was part of the family and the respite at seeing him cannot be expressed in words. As I came out of the exquisite and grand airport the smell of my homeland pierced my nostrils. I took the back seat and changed my international sim to the national network. I smiled as Santosh started asking so many questions in one go.

“Sir, how was your trip?” Santosh asked in his own uncomplicated way

I shrugged, “Like every time: good but I am so tired.”

Santosh was in no mood to leave me alone, “So when and to where is your next trip?”

I laughed, a little amused at his question, “Santoshji let’s first reach our home at Dwarka; afterward we will plan my next trip.”

Santosh looked miserable; “Oh, I didn’t mean it that way; we all are very happy you are back; we would like to have you here for as long as possible.”

I nodded, “Yes, that would be really nice: to spend some time here with you all, but you know the nature of my work; every minute is precious. But don’t worry; I am planning to be here for at least ten days.”

Santosh sounded shocked, “Only for ten days?”

Once again I nodded my head, “Yes, then I have to be in England, at the London School of Economics for a seminar.”

Santosh seemed to be hesitating before asking, “So Kabir sir, when are you getting married? Mummyji and daddy have been asking this question for many days; in fact, they have been pestering Nandini to elicit an answer from her.”

I was curious, “what did she say?”

“The same answer as always, ‘when Kabir is ready’

I hesitated before saying, “Don’t worry Santoshji; maybe this time I’ll fulfill this wish.”

Santosh looked ecstatic. “Oh, this is really great news; Mummy and Daddy will be thrilled.

I leaned back with a sigh, “Okay.”

Someone once said, ‘Home is where the heart can laugh without shyness. Home is where the heart’s tears can dry at its own pace.’ The words rang true as we reached Malhotra’s mansion at Golf Link road, my sweet home. As expected, Mamma was there to welcome me

with a warm smile. As I touched her feet the servant took out the luggage from the car and proceeded towards my room.

Before I could take a seat on the luxurious and comfortable couch Santoshji blurted out, "Sir is willing and ready to get married."

My mother exclaimed with utter joy. As I looked at her I could see her face glowing in a sweet smile. We all know about the Indian moms: they are like this; their joy knows no bounds when they hear that their children are ready for the marriage.

"When? Today, tomorrow? When is the marriage going to be?" She was babbling in a state of extreme joy.

I laughed, "Mummy. Have a little patience; I will definitely marry, but not today or tomorrow. We will plan it."

I watched as she took out the mobile to call Nandini. I snatched the cell from her hands. "Not now, mom; I want to give her a surprise."

I could see she was relaxing. After all, it was great news to her that her son was willing for the marriage after all these agonizing years. There was a lot of joy and amusement in the air. I smiled.

After the long discussions, a few gossips, and affectionate words I proceeded to my bedroom, a place I can relax in total peace. I glanced at the pinup on the door, 'Restricted area; take permission before entering'. As I stood looking thoughtfully at the pinup, Mom came and stood there watching me with those affectionate eyes. Sighing deeply she advised me to remove the notice, not only from the door but also from my brain and heart.

I nodded then asked her whether I could go to the hospital. She told me it would be better if I went there around noon.

I stood there looking around the bedroom. Everything was as it was when I had left: the open laptop, hanging fabrics on the door of the

cabinet, a picture collection of school time, Bob Marley, Jim Morrison. College days, Cricket and football kit, many pictures of friends, and one big framed picture of Shivansh. Everything was the same except me; nothing of the past had changed but I had. The room and its belongings brought back past memories: some cheerful ones but mostly gloomy ones. The slam books and novels brought back memories of the innumerable affairs I had at school and college. With a philosophical shrug, I tried to come back to the present.

A call from Nandini interrupted me.

“Hi, Jaanu, how are you?” Nandini’s sugary voice drifted through the mobile

“Fantastic, as always,” I replied cheerfully

“So how was your journey?” Nandini asked

I said dejectedly, “Felt like a bird in a cage; such a long trip.” I paused before continuing, “So, when are you coming?”

She chuckled cheerfully, “Tomorrow around 9 pm I am with you.”

“Okay, I will be waiting.”

“Fine, did you check the mail? There is an annual function at your school tomorrow.” She breathed before asking, “Do you know who the chief guest is?

“Yup, I know that, but I don’t want to go”: I said curtly

She took a deep sigh before saying, “I know the reason behind it. But that was your school; you were there for long fourteen years; the teachers and the whole staff stood with you in your good and bad days. Now, you are a celebrity, and they will certainly expect you to be there.”

I said without much ceremony, “Don’t force me Nandini, I have decided: I don’t want to go.”

“Okay fine, I am coming only if you go; if you are not going just cancel my ticket; it is up to you.” She sounded furious

I sighed, “Nandini, you are behaving like a kid.” I paused before saying miserably, “Okay, I will go.”

She was over the moon, “Fantastic; that is my brave man, and don’t worry, I will be there.”

“Mr. Santosh will be at the airport,” I said brusquely.

“Thank you, bye-bye, daddy is calling.” She ended the call.

I looked at the old music and video game cassettes, Walkman, tattoos, and other childhood collections in the drawer. I smiled to myself thinking of those days. I sat on the nearby couch and thought about my school days, the friends, teachers, the pranks we played on each other, the girls, and the secret and sometimes open admirations and infatuations and a lot of other things. After half an hour I went to have a shower, then returned to the room, took out the old laptop, and went through all those information and statistics stored in it. It was almost morning when I caught a little sleep.

I got up around six and walked into the balcony; the fresh morning air soothed my body and mind. I felt highly rejuvenated and recharged. I heard a knock at the door. Daddy was standing there with a broad smile on his handsome face. I knelt down to touch his feet but he dragged me to his chest and embraced me warmly. He looked very happy and content and told me that he was very happy that I had agreed to get married. We went down and sat for a cup of tea. It was refreshingly different from my life in the US: having tea with folks in a leisurely way; discussing future plans with family and

enjoying the warmth and affection of parents. After tea, I went down to the garage to look at my old love: the Ducati bike. I had strictly forbidden anyone to touch it, so it was in a ragged and tattered condition. It took me almost two hours to clean it thoroughly. Around twelve Nandini called and reminded me about the school function. Once again I promised her that I would go, and we ended the conversation.

I was not hungry, so straightaway headed towards my room. After taking a relaxing bath I slept for some time. Around 3 I came down and sat on the couch and asked Ramu to bring my lunch. He brought me my favorite dish, chole. After taking my lunch I went down to the garage and took out the bike. The engine sounded perfect and I decided to go for a short ride. As I rode I felt like that old schoolboy the adventurous, daring, free, and spirited schoolboy boy. Slowly I headed towards Hauz Khas; it was such a pleasurable experience to ride through the busy roads of Delhi; roads full of autos, cars, bikes, and buses. I forgot everything: my past, the pains, the scars, and everything. The air was ruffling my hair as the bike roared towards Hauz.

Around six my secretary called me to remind me about the school function. He reminded me about the Delhi traffic and told me the function was at 8, so I better hasten. I hurried towards the bathroom. It was almost seven when I came down. My secretary, Mr Gupta was waiting there and we discussed certain future things. Before leaving for the school I reminded Santosh to go to the airport on time to pick up Nandini. Then I asked Adil to take out the Jaguar and proceeded towards the Green Valley School. As he drove the luxurious automobile I looked out into the evening Delhi life and thought that God had given me one more opportunity; one more life. Soon we reached the school and seeing the huge crowd that had gathered at the gate to receive me I asked Adil to go towards the back gate. Mr. Gupta had already informed the principal about my arrival, so he with almost all of his staff was at the back gate to receive me.

I shook hands with the principal and some teachers. There was some more time for the function to commence, so I asked the principal whether I could go around the school. He agreed and I proceeded to walk around the familiar places with a professor and my secretary in attendance. I looked around and marveled at the changes that had taken place. The old memories came flooding into my mind and I felt a strange sort of melancholy. It was then I smelled a familiar smell: the smell of marijuana. The professor had got a call on his mobile so he was not there. I went around with my secretary searching for the source of the smell. Soon we found two boys in a classroom smoking the weed. As soon as they saw us one of the boys threw away the butt but the other one was very stoned. He started abusing me for disturbing them. Mr. Gupta got very angry and he was almost about to manhandle the boy when I asked him to cool down. The stoned boy was talking in a very high voice. I asked him to slow down, otherwise, the professor would hear and come, but he didn't seem to heed my words. Soon, hearing the commotion the principal and the other teachers came there. The principal was very angry at the boys' behavior and without any ceremony or formalities, he asked the guards to throw out the boys.

The annual function began around eight. The principal and the trustee welcomed me on the stage. After thanking the management for inviting me I spoke about my school life at Green Valley Public School, the teachers, and classmates. I recollected the complicated and days I went through and how the whole staff had stood with me. I thanked them for being with me. I knew none of those teachers was present here but still, I thanked them. As an inspiration for students, I spoke about Jack Ma, the Chinese king of e-commerce, and how he had built an empire from scratch. After my speech, there was the traditional cultural program. I was particularly impressed by the

ghazal sung by an eight standard girl. The song, *Chitti na koi Sandesh* was originally sung by Jagjit Singh. The melancholy in her voice brought tears to my eyes. After the function, there was a grand dinner party. Around ten I headed back to my home.

Nandini had arrived and both mother and daughter-in-law were gossiping and laughing. It is a universal fact that ladies are the most talkative. It was true here too. They were waiting to have dinner with me. When she saw me a huge smile appeared on her face. I took a seat opposite to hers. As mother was ordering dinner I announced that I had mine at the school. After some small talk with Nandini, I went upstairs to my room. I stood there a little taken aback. Nandini had rearranged the whole room; all my old stuff was thrown out; there was new tapestry and all. As I stood there, marveling at this change Nandini came into the room. I suggested we go into the garden. There I told her about my decision to get married. She was ecstatic and hugged me tightly. I was amazed and told her to control herself in case Daddy or Mummy was watching. After taking seats on the concrete bench I started telling her about my job and the trip, but she seemed to be fair-minded. As is the nature with girls they are more interested in talks about marriage and family life. After some time she proceeded to the guest room.

Nandini came to wake me up and told me to come down for breakfast. Everybody was at the dining table discussing my marriage in vivacious and lively voices. I thought to put in some suggestions but soon decided against it as I knew they wouldn't be listening to me. I sat there sipping the tea and listening to the lackluster discussion. It was then that the watchman came and said that there was someone from Green Valley School at the gate asking to see me.

“Okay, take him to the poolside and ask him to wait there,” I said curtly

“Okay sir” The watchman bowed before leaving.

The discussion was getting too boring, so I was only glad to leave them. I proceeded to the pool. He was standing there in a slapdash fashion; the same one I had caught smoking at the school the previous day.

I was annoyed but also a little curious, “What do you want? Why are you here?” I tried to control my voice.

The boy said casually, “Please excuse me for what happened yesterday; I am sorry.”

I was leisurely, “Firstly tell me your name”

“Aarav Pratap Singh”

Okay Aarav, you are forgiven.” I said pleasantly

He took a deep sigh, “Thank you, sir, but sir I am expelled from school; please help me”

“Dude, it’s not in my hand,” I said superficially

“Sir, I am not a fool, yesterday you were the chief guest at the school; you can do anything.” He said

I was getting annoyed, “Just mind your language otherwise I will throw you out.” I said irately.

“Okay, sir, you may not know me; I am the son of the Union Finance Secretary; I can get admission in any school in Delhi.” He said in a frenzy

I was getting more and more annoyed, “Hi kid cools down; you don’t know who I am; ask your father. He will definitely know my father Mr. Malhotra, a senior advocate in the Supreme Court. Don’t show

me attitude, or else you are going to get a red mark in your Transfer Certificate. Then no school will take you.”

He was unremorseful, “Okay, then I will leave schooling for life.”

I sighed before saying slowly, “You are like what I was during my school days: totally mad. School life is the best time of life. You are wasting it on drugs and drinks.”

“Sir, I love to inhale; it gives me peace and relaxes my mind and soul,” He said bit by bit

I frowned, “The same attitude; same arrogance; same egotism towards all around.”

“Sir, it's not an attitude: I lost my love, and it's after this I became like this: a drunkard and smoker.” He said tentatively

“Is she dead?” I asked considerately

He shook his head, “She is very much alive; someone else has replaced me.”

“And you became a drug addict just because someone ditched you?” I asked a little crossly

“You don't know what happened to me; how that bitch fucked me royally.” He was self-effacing.

“Dude, first of all, mind your language; don't use abusive language here; you are not in your home. If my dad hears you talking like this all hell will break; I won't be able to help you” I said a little unsympathetically.

“Sorry brother, I lost everything, and I am not in a condition to bear this shock,” He said slowly

I looked into his eyes and said slowly, “You don't know what happened to me due to drugs: what all I lost in life. There is no drug that can relax you.”

Okay, you tell me what all you lost; what changed you like this.”

I watched him for several seconds; I saw myself in him. Finally, I decided to tell him all about it. I asked him to meet me at a chai bar just outside Connaught Circle: I used to frequent with buddies during my school days.

Since childhood Shivansh had been my closest buddy. Now I can't exactly recall when we met: whether in the LKG or UKG. But in every situation he had always been with me; taking care of me, chiding me when I did something wrong, and being more than just a friend. When I was three years old my mother had died due to blood cancer. Daddy married again but my stepmother had hardly any time for me. She was busy with her business meetings, luncheons, and kitty parties. The same was the case with Dad. Every minute of his life was spent on expanding the business. He gave me enough and more money and thought that was enough. I don't remember when I had any food cooked by my mother. From food to dress to studies, it was always the servants and maids who took care of me. So I was pretty happy to have had the company of such a friend. He always shared his food with me which was prepared by his mother. As time went by we started sharing everything, from pencil to notebook to sweets and so on. Due to my irregular family situation, I didn't have much attachment to my family. One thing I had in plenty was money. I started drinking when I was in the tenth class. I was craving for love and affection: the love and affection I did not get at home. My whole childhood was like a blank book: no color. The only love I got was from Shivansh and I was drawn towards his love like a fish is drawn towards water. While in school or college there was none to control me or show the right path. And the abundance of money and the freedom associated with it, I got into wrong ways, roaming here and there aimlessly, getting new girlfriends every few months, getting into drugs, and so on. Only Shivansh was there to control me to some extent. It was he who got me back on track.

Till twelfth both of us were in the same class. Afterward, we took admission in the same college in Pune for the same course: Bachelor of Economics (Hon). As friends we were inseparable; both of us could not live without the other. Whenever I made a mistake he was there to scold and guide me in the proper path. If I took ill or if I had an accident he was always there to take care of me. He was mature and caring beyond his age. Everybody in the college called us Jai Veeru. He was Jai the caring and matured Jai; I the happy-go-lucky Veeru

FIRST STEP IN A NEW WORLD

In June 2010 we initiated the first step of our new world: our college life. Just like my early days in Delhi, here too I didn't have to face any hurdles because Shivansh was with me. During my school days, daddy didn't have time for me, but my bank balance was always healthy. As is the general human nature when the bank balance is bulky I too was not much perturbed by my dad's manners; after all, I had enough money and friends like Shivansh. Add to it the gorgeous girls in the college, and my life was as in heaven. Our first day in the college was first only for us as we were late by ten days. The bold letters in the ambiance of greenery and the impressive infrastructure, Symbian International School greeted us as we passed the massive gates. We came out of the Mercedes CDI 350 4matic SUV car, attired in world-class outfits like Versace denim with ankle leather boots and on top Maui Jim sunglasses, and proceeded towards our classroom ignoring all the super sexy girls who were ogling us. The professor was writing on the blackboard. We entered the classroom without waiting for the professor's permission and took our seats. The whole class was staring at us wondering who these arrogant and well-dressed fellows were. After the lecture, we introduced ourselves. After some time both of us proceeded towards the college canteen; there

we bought two cans of coke, and as I was turning around I bumped into an attractive girl. Immediately she apologized and I told her it was okay. They can have fallen on the floor and both of us bent down to pick it up; our heads banged against each other's; our eyes met and they spoke a thousand words; it took me some time to realize that she was our classmate sitting in another row. She was the most beautiful girl around.

After having lunch at Mystic Masala at TajVivanta we came back to our mansion. Shivansh got busy on Facebook, chatting with his childhood soul mate, Urvashi. But I was bored to death; there was nothing for me to do. Whenever I get frustrated like this a peg or two always soothes me down. As I was new to the city I didn't know any good pubs nearby, but soon Google came to my aid and both of us proceeded towards Miami pub on SB Road. The bar was crowded and the sparkling lights had a soothing effect on me. We ordered two tequila fire shots. Shivansh lit a Dunhill; one wasn't sufficient for me. After a few shots of the fiery spirit and a few Dunhills, I got into the mood to dance. But unfortunately, there were no girls around except two who were sitting a little far from our table. One was particularly dazzling and eye-catching. I looked at her; she too responded with a naughty smile. I waited for the right opportunity to go to her. The opportunity came sooner than I thought. Her companion got up to go to the washroom. As I was about to take a seat across, her boyfriend turned up from nowhere. Putting a hefty hand on her shoulder he turned to me and said in a shrewd tone, "Dude, she belongs to me."

A little uncomfortable, I said okay and returned to my seat.

I woke up early to a dreadful hangover. To help myself and ease the hangover I employed my traditional method: take a few puffs of the Dunhill. The cigarette helped a bit. Suddenly Shivansh entered the

room shaking all over the body. He had a wet towel around his waist and he was shaking from head to foot. A little perturbed I asked him why he was trembling so much.

“A black lizard fell on my body.” He said in a trembling voice. “Lizards always give me the goosebumps.”

“Okay, don’t worry; I will check; you have this cigarette” Assuring him I entered the bathroom. I took it out, I was a little hesitant to take a bath that day so proceeded to the college without taking a bath. Today we were not late. We decided to have breakfast before proceeding to our class. As we entered the class I looked around; the class was filled with dazzling girls and cheerful dudes. I was not surprised; it was one of the most prestigious institutions in the country. Only the super-rich and the toppers got admission here.

Like the previous day, we took our seats on the backbench. Soon the professor came and he asked us to introduce ourselves. We introduced ourselves in fluent English. He asked us to sit down and proceeded to take the class. We listened keenly; after all, he was one of the best professors of Economics and it would have been foolish to skip any of his classes. All of the teachers were excellent ones and listening to their lectures was trouble-free. The whole day passed cheerfully. After the class, we proceeded towards my car, but Shivansh said he wanted a coke and sandwich, and proceeded towards the canteen. I watched curiously as he returned after a few minutes, his face red.

“What happened, dude?” I asked inquisitively.

“Nothing.” He replied hastily, and then added, “Let’s go home.”

As I took my seat behind the steering wheel I looked towards him. I knew something was bothering him. Hesitating a little I asked unceremoniously, "Tell me; what happened."

It took some time for him to respond. After some time he said in a casual way, "Some seniors started making fun of me in the canteen; one of them pushed me back, asking for an introduction. As they were two I couldn't handle them."

I thought for a few seconds before saying, "Okay, it is not a big deal; these things happen nowadays." I tried to sound easy, "Let us go back to the canteen; I am feeling a little hungry; let's have some soft drinks and sandwiches."

Shivansh realized what was happening and said in an uneasy tone, "Please don't get angry with them; they are seniors. My whole body gets shivers when you are angry."

I was boiling with anger. Many times Shivansh told me to cool down and let it go, but I couldn't tolerate such injustice to my best friend. My face was red and blood boiling. We went to the canteen and I asked shivansh to show me the tough guys. He looked around but could not find them. We went around the whole college campus searching for them, but they were nowhere to be found. Finally, in total frustration, we returned to the mansion. Shivansh could see that I was still mad at them. He went to the kitchen, prepared some coffee, and offered me a cup. I was in no mood to drink coffee. Then he suggested we go to the pub, apparently to cool me down, but I rejected the offer. Liquor was not going to solve the problem or lower the anger and bitterness in me. Long back I had learned that

meditation was a better way to control anger. After some time I took the coffee and started to sip it, but still in an agitated mood. Shivansh put on the TV and we watched Pink Panther, my favorite show. It had some effect on me and my mind started to cool down. At night I felt the need for some manala hash, so asked Shivansh to contact his cousin. On his advice, we went to an isolated place and bought the hash. After taking a few puffs while watching the Beatles songs. We went out for dinner. As we were missing Delhi a lot we went to the Delhi Spice hotel at FC Road.

In the morning as usual we proceeded to the college after our morning chores. We went to the canteen and I told Shivansh to point out the seniors as soon as he spotted them. He nodded towards a bulky fellow sitting at a table making fun of one of the juniors. Without a single word, I moved towards him and before anybody could realize what was happening I slapped him hard on the face. His friends, seeing the mood I was in, kept silent. He got up to slap me but I evaded him easily and slapped him a few more times and broke his finger. The tussle went on for some time before the canteen manager came and separated us. Afterward, we went to our class, but soon I heard that the police were coming to the campus. Realizing the state of affairs I called my dad but as usual, he was too busy with his work, but Mr. Prakash Gupta, his personal secretary assured me he would do the needful. After a few seconds, I got a call on my cell: it was the Assistant Police Commissioner of Pune. I explained everything to him and he told me to take it easy, and that he would take care of everything. The police inspector came into the class, and the seniors pointed me out. The inspector told me to come out of the class. He was using foul language and calling me bad names. The principal objected to this but it had no effect on the police officer. I called the ACP, and after a few seconds, the inspector got a call on his mobile. I could see his face changing colors. He had a worried and apologetic look on his face. All that came out of his mouth was, 'sorry, sir, okay sir'. After switching off the mobile he came near me and apologized

to the whole class. I didn't say anything but stared back at him. After some time the police left, but not before apologizing a few more times. The whole class was impressed, and then the students including the seniors changed their manners towards both of us. They had a new respect and admiration for us.

Around 6 pm mom called: it was her first call after my arrival in Pune. It was a surprise that she became free from her business meetings to talk to her only son. She wanted to know what had happened, so I explained everything in detail. Soon she got bored with all the details and told me to call her if I needed anything. With a drink in my hand, I leaned on the pillow and watched Tom & Jerry on YouTube. Shivansh was in another room talking to Urvashi. After some time he too joined me and we watched Tom & Jerry.

Days passed on to weeks; it was the same monotonous routine every day; morning time in the college; evening in some pubs; on weekends we would sleep till late into the afternoon, go to some pub and return around midnight. One day Prof Rajput was taking the class, and we were not paying attention to the lecture, so could not give an answer to a question. Obviously he got annoyed and asked me to come to the first bench and sit on it. I had to sit beside a girl; it was very embarrassing to me; felt like I was again a school student.

She was the same girl her name was shruti I had banged against in the canteen. She passed me a smile and I smiled back. We shook hands; her hands were as soft as marshmallows. We introduced ourselves and a new and beautiful association began that day. We started sharing jokes, played pranks at each other, gossiped a lot about classmates and teachers, and were very comfortable with each other. Shivansh was always busy making notes and talking with Urvashi. I too was busy with Shruti. Soon we became inseparable, always meeting at the canteen, campus, and everywhere. Now I couldn't think about life without her. She too reciprocated the same feelings. One day while Prof Rajput was taking the class we were

talking and sharing jokes. It made him mad and he asked us to leave the class. I got up and proceeded towards the canteen. Shruti too was out of the classroom.

“Why are you here?” I asked her in a furious way

“Kabir, not only you, but I am also disturbing the class.” She answered in a very sweet tone.

“Okay; let us go to the canteen,” I said in a resigned way

She looked here and there before saying in that cute tone, “No, I don’t want to go the canteen; let’s sit in the garden”

“Okay as you wish, but for me next time, please don’t skip the lecture for me,” I said in a light tone.

She looked into my eyes and said in a naughty voice, “If you don’t want to sit with me, say so; I won’t bother you again.”

don't get so angry. take it easy I said and we proceed to the canteen.

Somehow I was finding it tough to get her out of my system. After deliberating for hours and hours, finally I called her and asked her to meet me at Hashtag Pub. She readily agreed to come. As soon Shivansh saw Shruti coming he got up and moved to another chair. She came near and gave me a long hug. We started talking. It is a universal truth that girls are too talkative. We talked for hours sharing our likes and dislikes, our families, friends and future plans. While talking with her I realized she was not only cute but simple and intelligent too. I don’t know how the time flew while talking with her; she was so refreshing and energizing. After some time she left and Shivansh came towards me. I told him I was very happy. He said that he was relieved to see me tension free. He was always worried about my moods and loneliness, so this sudden change in me had a very refreshing change in him.

“So dude, are you in love with her?” Shivansh asked with a mischievous smile on his face.

Dude you are out of control, let’s go back to home” I tried to change the subject.

“Did you propose to her?” Shivansh was in no mood to leave me alone.

“Just keep quiet.” I snapped back

“Did you smooch her? Shivansh asked while laughing” It looked like he had too many pegs.

“From tomorrow onwards I will not meet her,” I said categorically

“*Arrey ladka sharma gaya*” Okay okay, I will not say a single word; let us go home,” Shivansh said apologetically

He was playing the good boy; pampering me and babysitting me. I thought.

CHUDDY BUDDY

One month passed and finally, it was fresher's day. Due to the excessive drinking the previous day, both of us were suffering from a hangover. I went to Shivansh's room; he was sleeping. I tried to wake him up, but it was becoming a tough task. Finally, after a few pokes and nudges, he opened his eyes and asked in a sleepy voice, "*Abe kya hua, kaun maar gaya?*"

I replied impatiently. "Nobody died; it is our fresher's day today; so get up and get ready; we have to be in the college on time."

He didn't seem to hear me as he went back to sleep. I tried a few more times to wake him but there was no use. Finally, my eyes too became heavy and I too lay near him and went to sleep. It was almost another two hours before I got up. Straightaway I headed towards the kitchen to prepare some coffee. In the meantime, Shivansh got a call from Urvashi and he got busy with that. I handed him a cup of coffee and asked him to get ready.

"So, dude, today is fresher's day; are you ready?" I asked briskly

He was cautious, "You know fresher's arrangement are made by seniors, and you already broke two fingers of one"

I laughed, "So, that is why you have been in a foul mood. Don't worry; nothing will happen." Then winking at him I said, "I have the revolver fully loaded."

He sighed, "I am worried for those seniors than for you."

I replied smartly, "Don't worry about others; get ready; we are leaving in 20 minutes"

"Why so early?"

I replied randomly, "Want to buy some new outfits"

Within twenty minutes we were out of the mansion, heading towards the shopping complex at Phoenix city mall in Viman Nagar. We went through a few showrooms to buy a blazer but we couldn't find one suitable, so we went towards the H&M showroom which was located just outside the mall. There we found the perfect blazer I was looking for. I tried it on and it fitted me perfectly. After making the payment at the counter we strode towards the college.

We reached college in the nick of time. The college was decorated brilliantly; there were lights and music all around. All students were in their best attires. The girls looked like pretty princesses. My eyes were searching for a certain Shruti, but she was not to be seen anywhere. I hesitated a bit before taking out the mobile. As soon as she answered I asked her location. Her sweet voice asked me to turn around and when I turned around she was standing there in a gorgeous red dress. She looked so ravishing. She was with another girl who belonged to the management stream. She introduced me and Shivansh to her friend whose name was Jiya Diwan. We talked for some time before heading towards the food stalls. There we tasted some golgappa, which incidentally is a girl's favorite dish. After eating some gulab jamun we marched towards the auditorium. Everywhere it was a festive mood. Boys and girls were dancing together and hugging each other; there were no seniors or juniors. I was busy with Shruti and Shivansh got busy with Jiya. After some time Jiya's cousin came there. His name was Parth Shah and he belonged to our stream but in another section. He came from a political family and his father was a big tobacco merchant in Baroda.

It was getting to 11 o'clock and the party was almost in the dying stages. Many of the students had left. Shruti asked whether we could go for a drive. I agreed and we all got into my car. We drove towards the nearest pub and bought some beer and a bottle of Vodka and

headed towards Mumbai Expressway which is also known as the NH 4. I parked the car on the side in the emergency lane and switched on the parking light. The cool natural air coupled with the hot air we were inhaling gave us a relaxing mood. Soon we started drinking vodka and beer. Shruti was cautious while drinking as normally she gets high on even 60 ml. Soon we returned to the city. As it was too late in the night Shruti decided to spend the remaining part of the night in Jiya's home and accordingly informed her mother on the mobile. She requested me to take Parth with me to my house, and we lighted some more joints. Parth also loves to smoke hash and said he liked to smoke a lot. All of us sat in the balcony and took some more puffs before going to bed in the early hours of the morning.

For the next two days college was closed, and Parth was with us as he had earlier hinted that he would like to shift with us. It was understandable because everyone wanted to live in the Porsche area of Koregaon Park as it was a serene and quiet locality. On the third day, Parth asked our permission to shift to the bungalow. Shivansh had no hesitation and permitted him to move in with us. Parth had expected some queries and interrogation but there was none; maybe Shivansh was just not that type and too trusting. Anyway, Parth was with us for three days and all of us had become close to one another. By evening he had shifted to our place with all his belongings, which incidentally were not much. At night Parth took out a paper and started rolling tobacco into that but we could see that he was not skilled in it as he failed to roll the stuff properly. I showed him how to roll tobacco and we all had Indian indica joints to our heart's content. After some time Parth's eyes became red like burning charcoal and he started to cough violently. Seeing this Shivansh laughed heartily.

While laughing Shivansh told me, "Dude, you are a masterpiece, start coaching classes"

“What coaching classes?” I asked.

He was still laughing, “You know like how to roll a joint, blunt and spliff or how to make hookah smoke, etc; you know there is a huge demand for such things, especially among the youth.”

I grimaced, “Fuck off, dude; stop pulling my leg.”

Turning to Parth Shivansh asked seriously, “Are you coming with us for dinner?”

Parth was finding it difficult to talk, “No, I can’t even get up and stand properly; just get something for me.”

After having dinner at Yogi Tree, an Afghani restaurant Shivansh and I returned home. There Parth was listening to Marilyn Manson Sweet Dreams in a loud voice. Putting the packet on the dining table Shivansh asked him to lower the volume as previously neighbors had complained about the disturbance at night. Shivansh went upstairs to his room and I sat beside Parth. By now he had lighted another joint and asked me whether I had any problems with his smoking like this. I replied no not at all. Parth was smiling and I wondered what he was smiling about. He told me how I had been a regular smoker since class 9. This surprised me as it was clear that he had done a lot of research on me.

“You have done so much research on me,” I asked in a light tone so as not to offend him.

He was smiling in a scheming manner, “Yeah, I did a bit of research on you; now tell me, which type of marijuana is the best.”

I laughed aloud, “Now you are too high, that’s why such creative worries are coming to your mind.”

His words were mixed in a little depression, “Yes dude; you are right, but how do you know this?”

I shrugged, “Through experience; you think marijuana and drugs improve your creative skills, but that is not the case; whatever is happening, are illusions only.”

“I am moving around beyond the brightest stars, in a far away milky way and about to reach Andromeda galaxy” His words were blurred.

Minutes passed and we sat there silently, each in his world. Finally, he asked in a quiet voice, “Does every type of drug give different trips?” The curiosity in his voice gave the impression that one would think he wanted to write a thesis on this matter.

I nodded, a bit seriously, “Yes, every drug is different. For example, weed normally gives you a high; it makes you a bit dizzy whereas alcohol gives more of buzz type trips.” three ranges of weed hybrid , Indica, and Sativa in that also 72 types of weeds everyone had different side effects and property.

While raising an eyebrow he really asked “ what about cocaine and LSD?” He asked gravely.

I got up, “I have given you enough explanations, even with examples. Now go to bed; and for God’s sake don’t play Marilyn Manson songs. It has a negative impact on me.” I moved towards the bedroom.

I woke up a little early the next morning. As I walked towards Shivansh’s room I peered into the room of Parth; he was fast asleep. I got the impression that he had been traveling the whole night from one galaxy to another. Smiling to myself I entered Shivansh’s room and tried in vain to wake him up. After several tries he finally got up and stretched his left hand to take a cigarette. I told him to get ready as we were getting late for college. Then I went to Parth’s room and tried everything to wake him up, but he continued to sleep. The joints

and the liquor he had consumed the previous night had completely knocked him up. Shivansh and I proceeded to the college. The canteen was full; there wasn't a single room to sit, so we continued to the class without having breakfast. I took a seat beside Shruti while Shivansh went to the last bench and sat beside a newcomer. During the lunch recess, we went to the canteen. Jiya too joined us. She asked about Parth and I told her that he was sleeping; she already knew that he had moved in with us. As we were having our lunch the new-comer with whom Shivansh was sitting in the class passed by our table. Shivansh asked him to join us. He was a Punjabi named Krunal Shergill from Chandigarh.

Bored of the college and class routine, we decided to bunk classes and go for a movie. A Farhan Akhtar "rock on" movie was running in the INOX multiplex. Shivansh bought the tickets and we went into the theatre hall. It was a wonderful rock musical drama film based on today's youth and we thoroughly enjoyed it. Our minds fresh, we came out of the theatre hall. Shruti and Jiya wished to have dinner, and after some exciting deliberations, we went to an eatery on the 6th floor of Skyway Mall. The atmosphere inside was electrifying with dazzling lights and rock music. The whole city looked stunningly magnificent from the 6th floor as we took a window table. I ordered my favorite poison while Shruti opted for some strong vodka. Krunal being a devout Punjabi ordered 60 ml of Blue Label, and we sat around chatting about solemn as well as boloney matters. After about an hour of vodka and other spirits we ordered dinner. It took us some time to devour the delicious Punjabi cuisine and desserts. Shivansh paid the bill and we all got in the car. Dropping everybody at their designated places we headed towards our mansion. Parth was chatting with his girlfriend on the laptop.

Days rolled onto weeks and then months and we all became close to one another. Among all of us, the friendship between Krunal and Shivansh was the strongest. The mansion, the surroundings and the accompanying sounds, air and smell and everything else became dear to us. Next three days were holidays and we just walked around the house. On the second day Shivansh called me to his room on the first floor. As I entered the room I could see that something was perturbing him. Taking a seat on the couch I asked him what was in his mind. Pausing for a few seconds he told me that Krunal wanted to shift with us; the only problem was Parth: both of their fathers were high ranking ministers belonging to opposing political parties. Shivansh thought this could create complications if Krunal moved in with us. As I sat there wondering what to say let alone do, he opted for the easy way by leaving the decision to me. After some cerebral and emotional deliberations, I gave my ‘go-ahead’ and Krunal too moved in with us. I asked him to take the spare room on the ground floor opposite to Parth’s room. Very soon we had one more resident as Shivansh brought a cute one-month-old Rottweiler. The black and brown puppy looked so dashing that none of us could help to fall in love with it. After fighting and arguing over many names we finally settled on calling him, Bruno. Parth was the most enthusiastic about Bruno that he literally ran to the market to buy the necessary things for it, like a belt, feeding bottle, cushion pads, pillow, and an assortment of toys.

One rarely forgets his firsts: first kiss, first job, the first purse you spent your whole paycheck on, the first time you got high.... and unlike the stolen alcohol of our prepubescent years, most everyone remembers the account of what happened the day they first got high, and most remember it fondly. It probably involved a basement, car, or park; some makeshift supplies; and not-so-stellar product. Mine was in the room of Parth. That night as I heard Pink Floyd (coming back to life), my favorite band loud and clear from Parth’s room I

couldn't help but go to his room. There I found him smoking weed through a long and exquisite bong with a guitar in the left hand. Krunal was lying on the couch, probably stoned out. I thought both of them were total assholes inhaling all that smoke. As he extended the bong towards me I hesitated a few seconds before taking it in the right hand for a few puffs. For a long time, I had been hearing horrible things about such types of drugs and was very aware of their side effects like lack of motivation, depression, and anxiety. As I didn't want Shivansh to see me in that condition I rushed out of the room after saying goodnight to both of them. As I looked back I could see that Parth hadn't heard my goodnight wishes as he was busy crushing and mixing new blends. Regardless of whether it was right or wrong, at least now I can look back and laugh at the whole situation, especially the comical expressions that flashed over Parth's face.

The next day I woke up early and went to the balcony holding a lighted cigarette in my left hand; soon Krunal and Parth too joined me, and as we stood there taking long puffs, a stunningly beautiful girl with a loose-fitting top and tennis shorts appeared on the balcony of the opposite bungalow. We couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous and long thighs. Naturally, each of us wished she was our girlfriend. Soon Shivansh appeared on the balcony and whispered fiercely not to stare at the girl as she was the daughter of his father's business associate. Disappointed and muttering a few obscenities we returned to our rooms.

After having a simple breakfast of bread and butter all of us reached the college, and for a change attended all the lectures. In the evening Shruti expressed a wish to have a party at our mansion and all of us along with Shruti and Jiya and another friend of them reached our mansion. We all headed to my bedroom where Shruti straightaway headed towards my bed. The others took seats on the couch as Shruti

introduced her new friend. While the others were busy chatting Shruti and I came out of the room onto the balcony.

“What is the plan?” She asked, raising her hands to fondle the silken hair

Something stirred inside me as I watched her clean shaved armpits, “Nothing special.” After a second I added, “You decide; it is your party.”

I waited as she arranged the hair into a neat knot. “Okay, let us all have a party.” She said amiably.

While Shruti and her friends were busy with Bruno I asked Shivansh to arrange liquor and snacks. The party started and it wasn’t much before the girls became too intoxicated with the drinks; it was a case of alcohol being the best friend in the initial stages and the worst enemy after a few rounds. It resulted in me worrying that Shruti and the girls would end up total wrecks, especially since some of them started vomiting on the carpet and the couch. I looked on alarmingly as Shruti headed towards the bathroom with both hands holding her head tightly. Stressed and upset I took a few more sips to calm my nerves. She came out of the bathroom and flung herself on the bed near me. Soon the others left the room and we were alone.

I just sat there watching her with an idiotic and perplexing expression on my face. She was watching me and before I could grasp what was happening she pulled me on top of her and held me tightly. I could feel her soft and young breasts against my chest.

“I love you, Kabir.” Her voice sounded as if it were coming from somewhere thousands of miles away.

Taken aback and in a state of utter astonishment and shock I thought she was joking, but soon realized that she was brilliantly turning an embarrassing moment into a sweet proposal. It wasn’t a

fabulously elaborate proposal but one under the effect and upshot of booze, yet I could see that she was serious.

“You are hopelessly drunk.” I said light-heartedly.

She nodded, “Yes, hopelessly drunk.” She paused for a few seconds before continuing, “Hopelessly drunk because of you.”

Nodding sadly I said, “Okay, we will discuss this tomorrow; now you take rest.”

Adamantly she shook her head, “No, we will discuss it now; people always speak the truth when they are under the influence of alcohol.” Her words had a philosophical tone.

Sighing deeply I said in a soft voice, “I too like you a lot, Shruti.”

Very soon Shruti stumbled into a deep sleep and I sat there watching her, listening to her soft snoring and watching the fluttering of her silken hair in the fan’s swirl.

A little later I came out of the room. Everybody was making dinner plans. I couldn’t leave Shruti alone so asked Shivansh to bring something for us. I watched as all of them proceeded towards the MG Road cafeteria.

Returning to the room I sat near her and watched her innocent face. It must be true that sleeping girls are the happiest and prettiest. I don’t know how long I sat there before I heard the doorbell ring incessantly. Shivansh and the others had returned. After taking the parcel from Shivansh I said goodnight to all of them. Jiya too wanted to sleep in my room, so I asked her to share the bed with Shruti before heading towards the couch. I went to sleep without opening the food parcel.

Shruti got up early in the morning and woke Jiya and me, and before too long the three of us headed towards Shruti's mansion on Fergusson College Road. As the girls went towards the kitchen I switched on the TV to see if there was anything worth watching. Before long Shruti appeared with coffee and the three of us sat down to enjoy the morning coffee. As it was getting on 9 we decided to go to college straight away. At the class, while the lecturer was seriously explaining the world economic situation, Shruti leaned towards me and asked about her proposal the previous night. I had hoped that she would have forgotten the whole thing, but it looked I was wrong. During the lunch interval after sending off Jiya, she came towards me and repeated the question. As I stood hesitatingly, not having the faintest idea of how to tackle this tricky situation she asked me to follow her to the garden. In the garden, she took a wooden bench and gestured to me to sit beside her.

Seconds passed as we sat there, listening to the regular sound of the chirping of birds. After some time she turned around and looking straight into my eyes asked point blankly, "So, what have you decided?"

I faked ignorance, "About what?"

She pinched me with her long and polished nails, "About what I said last night: those three magical words."

I nodded understandingly, "Yeah, you said Jai Mata Di." Pausing for effect I asked sarcastically, "Last night you were totally flat; how can you remember anything?"

After a few minutes of silence, I said in a very abstemious tone, "Now you are in your full senses, and this is the time I want to know whether you really love me or not."

Nuzzling towards me she began to cuddle me all over before whispering in my ears that she loved me more than anybody or anything in this world.

Looking into her eyes and feeling the love and tenderness in her beautiful eyes, I said softly, “I too love you more than anyone or anything in this world.”

Holding me tightly she kissed me all over the face before saying coyly, “I am really proud of you; last night you could have done anything with me but you didn’t...”

I laughed loudly, “Even if I wanted how I could do anything, with Jiya sleeping near you?”

She pinched me harder this time.

It was Friday evening; after a hectic hour spent on a project on Free Trade Agreements, we decided to enjoy the evening with a few drinks. Drinking during the evening is a personal choice and there are many ways to approach it. Most of us including Shivansh and Parth don't like to go to parties that much; we would rather hang out with our close friends in our mansion, with a few pegs of vodka and other assorted drinks. For most of us, the time and place had no relevance as far as enjoying was concerned. We liked to party whenever and wherever we could, without worrying too much about the time or place. As to me, I am more of a social drinker- usually, I have one or two pegs, but sometimes I go a little overboard, though I have never been a blackout. After the third bottle of Red Label was opened and consumed in totality Parth took out a pouch of cocaine from his denim pocket. I watched in silence as he rolled the stuff in a five hundred rupee note and started snorting it. The expressions and color on his face changed as swiftly and nippily as they change in a kaleidoscope.

There was an uncharacteristic expression on Krunal's face; turning to Parth he asked vaguely, "What is this Parth; it is somewhat different from the usual brown sugar you supply."

Parth was in no mood and state to respond, "Go and ask Guruji; I have no time and oomph to answer your fucking questions." Closing his eyes he continued, "Leave me alone to enjoy my trip."

Krunal was in no mood to leave Parth alone, "This stuff is absolutely different, man; nothing like the brown sugar and cocaine we usually have." Sighing slightly he continued, "There could be chemical imbalances that cause brain and nasal problems."?

Parth snorted, "Nobody told me to give the chemical analysis of this stuff."

Now it was my turn to get into the discussion. I said in a philosophical tone, " In weed, you feel high and dull, but in cocaine, you feel so high and energetic and sociable; you feel like a superman with extraordinary and superhuman energy; also the trip is blissfully exciting."

Parth was fervent and animated, "Exactly Kabir; I get all these feelings after consuming it; how do you know all these things?"

Shivansh laughed audibly, "*Beta Kitna Bhi bada ho jae baap se hamesha chota hi retha hai.*"

Looking up to the ceiling I turned to Parth, "Do you know, in western countries girls snort a special chocolate powder to get high."

Parth nodded his head agreeably.

All of us except Shivansh took turns in inhaling the stuff. With a little bit of emotional blackmailing Shivansh too joined us. Soon the excessive intake of alcohol and all the drugs started taking their effect, and one by one all of us fell into a deep sleep. With our cell

phones on airplanes or silent modes, we continued to sleep for the next 36 hours.

Sunday morning came and we all woke up as we heard Brono's loud barking. It took all of us some time to wash and have some black coffee. The drinks and the weed had taken away all sense of day and night and without realizing that it was a Sunday we all rushed to the college to submit our projects. At the college gate, we honked loudly but no one came to open the gate. All of us were still dizzy, so without realizing anything we continued to sit in the car honking loudly. Finally, Parth got out of the car and went to the gate but none was there. He peeped inside the gates but couldn't find anyone nearby. It was then Shivansh took out his mobile. Looking at the mobile he exclaimed that it was Sunday and not Saturday as we had thought.

Turning to Krunal Shivansh said indignantly, "Ask Parth to come back."

Krunal had a quizzical expression on his face, "Why, what happened; something wrong?"

Shivansh replied sarcastically, "It is not Saturday, man; it is Sunday."

Parth's head peeped through the car window, "Hi guys, no one is there."

"Don't worry; just get in." I said while reversing the car.

Parth got in but not before asking agitatedly, "Hey, what happened; where are we going?"

Krunal laughed out loudly, "Dude, today is Sunday; good that nobody saw us, otherwise they would have thought we are a bunch of lunatics....another topic for gossip"

Parth exclaimed, "Oh, Shit!"

Shivansh turned to Parth agitatedly, “Due to this cock- ass we lost one day.”

I said gaily, “You finished his full cocaine pouch, and now you are after his ass!”

IN LOVE

I don't know how four months just flew away in college. I had so many emotions running through me as everything happened so fast. Within no time I had acquainted four great friends and a lovely girlfriend. Now I can't exactly recall when and how I fell in love with her but it was a great feeling to love someone. I enjoyed spending more and more time with her. It wasn't long before we found common hobbies and likes, like cooking together, walking on the grass, reading books, and going to the mall. Very soon Parth also got into a relationship with Alisha, one of the mutual friends of Shruti and Jiya.

On that Friday, Shivansh got tickets for a musical festival and we all decided to go for it. I asked Shruti to come with us, and as with all girls when invited to a party or outing she too readily agreed. When she came out fully dressed for the musical show I was stunned to see how beautiful she was. It was a pleasure to know that she was the most beautiful girl around and that she would be there, beside me and only for me. I felt a sort of proud swelling inside my heart. She came near me and pressed her cheek against me and her sweet smell made my heart pound fast and hard. As we entered the hall we could hear the relaxing and soothing music, and it smoothened our minds and bodies. After the event, we went to a nearby bar to have some drinks. It wasn't long before we headed back to our pavilion, our minds and body fully refreshed with the music and the drinks.

The following Sunday we were all busy drinking and smoking when Shruti arrived. Due to the heavy boozing and accompanying drugs we didn't hear her knocking, and it was only when she called me on the mobile I knew she had come. I rushed down to meet her and as soon as I opened the door she slapped me hard. She looked really gorgeous, but I was really fuming at her behavior. Without thinking twice I slapped her hard; I could see tears dropping down her beautiful cheeks. I felt very bad. Kneeling before her I presented it to

her saying ‘sorry’ over and over again. She was always a sweet girl, so forgave me and we soon became cozy with each other. In the bedroom, she gave me a tiffin box, and inside was my favorite pasta. As I opened the tiffin box she took off her sandals and stretched on the bed. I stood there watching her, stretched to the full. I went to the bed and sat near her. Her smell was driving me crazy and I too stretched beside her.

We kissed passionately for a while before my hands slid towards her projecting breasts. I cupped her soft and young breasts softly and stroked my thumb over her nipple, reveling in the way she closed her eyes and moaned gently. After removing her top I opened the bra as if I was opening a beautiful present. Her breasts were round and magnificent and I took them in my hands, massaging them a bit roughly before leaning down and taking one of the jutting nipples in my mouth to suck as a hungry child would suck. I could feel her breasts heaving and her breathing quickened as my tongue started licking both breasts in frenzy.

Soon my hands went to her flat and soft stomach before proceeding downwards. As I put my hands inside her denim and started to stroke her thighs before going towards her mound and the curly maiden hair she stopped me.

“What happened?” I asked huskily as my fingers tried to get inside her panties.

“Not today, sugar” She replied hoarsely

“Why?” I asked while pushing my thighs against hers.

“It is my period, sweetheart.” She said miserably.

“Oh, shit.” I was dejected

She smiled while her right hand went up and down between my thighs, stroking and squeezing, “Don’t worry; next time we will have a full blast.”

Soon, gathering her top and bra she got up. Throwing a flying kiss towards me she left the room. It was almost fifteen minutes before she returned carrying a tray with five cups of steaming coffee. All the gang came to have coffee and after some time Shruti and I decided to go to the terrace. We climbed on top of the water tank and sat there looking all around in awe. Dark clouds were gathering on the horizon and it looked like it would rain any moment. She put her head on my shoulders while my left hand went around, pulling her towards me. Slowly my hand went to her breasts, rubbing them over the clothing. She began to moan slightly and before long she took my hand and put it inside her top. As I hesitated she guided it towards her bra and I began to stroke the area of her breasts that the bra didn’t cover, gliding my fingertips along the edge of her bra. She turned sideways on the concrete, lifted a leg while I placed her on my lap, and now we were face to face. As my face went towards her she welcomed my lips with an open mouth. The kissing went on for some time before I took my mouth from hers and buried it in her neck and we held each other not moving for a moment. That was a wonderful evening.

After Shruti had left I went to Shivansh’s room. “Where were you; I have been trying to get you; didn’t you see the missed calls?” I asked tetchy.

He twitched his face, “Sorry, yaar; we were enjoying live music with a few drinks at the Irish Village.”

I grimaced, “Did you bring anything for me?”

His face brightened, “Sure; a bottle of Red Label and enough snacks to last two days.”

All of us drank and smoked till midnight and then went to Mario, a posh eatery at Viman Nagar, and had some pizza and an assorted collection of junk food.

Shruti called but as my mobile's battery had died I didn't know about it. Around ten O' clock she arrived at our place looking worried because I hadn't picked up her calls. As she saw me, she gave me a tight hug before both of us went upstairs to my bedroom. Seeing the shabby condition and disorder of the bedroom she asked me to wait outside and shut the door. When she opened the room after about fifteen minutes the room was speck and clean with new bedsheets and pillow covers on the bed.

After settling down on the bed she looked at me for a few seconds before asking earnestly, "What happened last night?"

I shifted my eyes before saying, "Nothing, just a minor hangover."

She twitched her rosy lips, "Alcohol doesn't give this type of reaction; tell me the truth; what was it?"

"Cocaine." I said looking away.

"Are you mad?" It was a violent scream. Pausing for a few seconds she continued, "Kick out that Parth; he is behind all these."

I grimaced, "Okay, okay, don't get all worked up; I won't take it again." I said, giving her a glass of water.

It is not easy to cope with girls when they are in a foul mood. To lighten her mood I decided to take her out for dinner and then take her to some cute place and give her some chocolates. Since she was from Pune and knew the place better than me I asked her to choose a restaurant. We went to Hotel Hyatt Regency as she was a great fan of the pasta carbonara and mushroom risotto the hotel served. As we came out of the hotel she suggested I stay the night at her mansion as her parents were away. I was only happy to oblige and before long we reached her magnificent mansion. As soon as we entered the

mansion she led me towards the large swimming pool. Both of us sat on the side of the pool, our feet dangling in the water. We splashed the water as young boys and girls would do and laughed a lot. The night was young and the bright stars were sparkling in the dark sky; a slight breeze was ruffling our hair and we could hear the chirpings of fireflies and some other night creatures. I don't remember how long we sat there, not saying anything, just watching each other without a single blink.

After some time we went inside, sat on the couch in her bedroom talking very little, just enjoying each other's company. She brought a bottle of whiskey and two glasses with some roasted cashew nuts. We drank for another two hours before deciding to sleep. Around 2:30 am we slept, hugging each other, our bodies pressed snugly against each other.

TANTRUMS

The next day she got up very early and went to the kitchen to prepare tea. As she returned with the steaming cup of tea, I half woke up, but just lay there with my eyes closed. She came near me and put her beautiful, slender fingers through my hair. My hand went to her

stomach and very soon the fingers started pinching her jutting nipples. I could hear her moaning deep down in the throat. She fell on top of me and started kissing me all over. Her left hand slid inside my pajama and her fingers closed around my bold and sturdy manhood. As she gripped and squeezed it I cried out aloud and before long I was on top of her pumping relentlessly and mercilessly. After some time she got up and went to the kitchen to prepare breakfast and I went up and proceeded towards the bathroom. After the bath and breakfast I switched on the mobile; there were five missed calls from Shivansh. As I listened to him I winced; there was an important lecture by Rajput sir on the ‘Concurrent Credit Language’. Both of us threw some clothes on and rushed to the college.

I was annoyed because someone told us that there won’t be any lectures that day as all the lecturers and professors were busy with some college issues. The classrooms were deserted as most of the students were out in the canteen or lawns. I called a meeting of the gang and after some long discussion, we decided to go to Lonavala.

Shruti called Jiya and Alisha and they called a new friend Sonali, by 2 PM after getting all the dresses and other essentials from our mansions we proceeded to Lonavala in two cars. The Mercedes was being driven by Shivansh and Shruti’s Accord by Krunal.

One thing I have realized in life is that when you are going on a trip with your friends, not only are you spending all your time with your friends but you are in an enclosed place with them. As a result, you get to know each other: strength and weakness, the good and the ugly faces, you see and know everything. When you are with someone for a considerable amount of time you see what makes them tick and what makes them go crazy. You will know who can go with the flow and who needs to be in control.

The road trip took a little over an hour and we stopped at many places just to watch the scenery and occasionally to gulp down chilled beer from the cans.

Some of the girls have teeny-tiny bladders, and the lack of bathroom access on the Mumbai Pune Expressway so ask to control their minds and bodies. But we got through it all, and once we got to Lonavala, the only thing we wanted to do was sit by the pool with some Malt Scotch or cognac melting in our hands. We certainly earned it.

At Lonavala, we proceeded to Jiya's mansion and settled in soon. Everything was well arranged as Jiya had already alerted her butler about our arrival. We decided to rest for a couple of hours. Then we all went to the Karla Caves, a place sacred to the Buddhists and with a history dating back to the period of Jesus Christ. Except for Shivansh and Sonali, none of us had any interest in history or cave carvings. I watched them in wonder as they were fully engrossed in studying and photographing the caves. As to Parth, every place for him is a destination to make a joint. It wasn't long before he began to roll joints of blue haze named weed and the sweet aroma of the grass attracted all of us towards him. We sat around on a small hill inhaling and puffing out huge amounts of fume. After smoking a few we wandered around till nightfall before proceeding towards Jiya's mansion.

Her mansion was built in the 19th century and though it was splendid and magnificent it was cold inside. We decided to have a campfire in the garden. Krunal took out the liquor bottles from the car and we proceeded to fill our stomach with the strong spirit. Shivansh and Krunal began to play 'Truth and Dare'. Soon the conversation became so daring that everything that was said was brazen and shameless. When asked, Krunal said his precise wish is to kiss Sonali all over her body. Jiya wanted to lie stark-naked with Shivansh while Parth's wish was to go on a date with Shruti. By ten O' clock all of us were wavering from one end to another and it took

some effort to gulp down the delicious dinner that was prepared by Jiya's butler and his plump wife.

As we ascended the steps to go to our bedrooms the light went out and we all took shelter in one bedroom. Sonali found a candle from somewhere and we all looked at one another in the dim light.

I don't remember how it all started but soon we were sharing ghost stories and telling one another about the paranormal experiences and other related topics about exorcism and all. I wasn't much impressed with these stories but I could see that Shivansh and Shruti were terrified and I watched in some concern as their faces slowly turned as white as a sheet. After some time Krunal played the Pink Floyd Echoes series; its starting was so scary that even I shivered a little.

Soon Parth took out the spliff and we started to smoke to calm our nerves. One by one the girls went to their rooms to sleep and the rest of us just sat there smoking and smoking.

I looked at Shivansh and asked tentatively, "Are you scared?"

"Not at all." As he said this he shifted his eyes and I knew he was lying.

Parth said jovially, "I bet Rs 10000.00 you are shit scared."

Shivansh smiled weakly, "I don't want to bet with you; you can bet with Kabir; he will certainly win the bet."

"What is a bet?" I asked. I got a bit interested in the whole thing.

Parth said, "The bet is you must touch the wall of the cemetery at midnight or watch Conjuring alone in a dark room." Pausing for a few moments and looking around at us he asked, "Anyone has the guts to do it?"

By now Sonali had returned because she couldn't sleep. While taking a seat near me she asked me to accept the challenge. She added that she too would join me

I took out Rs 10000.00 and placed it on the nearby coffee table. Turning to Parth I said, "Okay, wise guy, I take the bet."

He too took out a bundle of notes and kept it on the table.

Sonali too wanted to bet but I asked her to stay away from it. Ten thousand bucks was peanuts to me, but the matter of winning the bet was very important as I always want to win everything at any cost; it was a matter of honor and my dignity.

Very soon the three of us were in Parth's car speeding towards the Christian cemetery outside the city. I looked out at the deserted road and watched the street dogs running around. I could hear growling and yelping in the distance.

Parth stopped the car in front of the cemetery. It was an old, spooky place full of twisted tombstones and moss-covered dried plants and trees. It was terrifying to be there at this hour of the night but at least it was not boring.

As we passed the cemetery gate the twisted trees started to block out most of the very little moonlight and it gave the air a sort of thick, eerie look.

Asking the others to stay near the gate I went deep inside the graveyard, with the faithful Bruno following me. As I walked towards the wall in the opposite direction a dialogue from an old English movie flashed through my mind, 'if you walk near a grave after dark a hand will come out of the dirt and grab your feet.' I gathered my courage and kept on walking until I reached the wall at the other end. After touching the wall I turned around to walk on the dirt path towards the gate.

I watched Sonali as she stood near the gate, the hair on the back of her neck standing up as she became extra sensitive to every sound around her. As I touched her, she practically jumped out of her skin, her heart pounding out of her chest and I could see that she was finding it difficult to breathe. I took her in my hands and held her closely for some time before collecting the money from Parth and proceeding to the nearest tea stall for some hot tea.

After breakfast, we guys decided to go trekking in the Western Ghats, near the village of Rajmachi in Udhewadi which was 7 kilometers from where we stayed. We reached the foothills in 15 minutes and leaving the car there we started the climb towards the top where it is said by locals that God speaks gently to the lonely hearts. All around it was refreshing greenery that had a gentle and soothing effect on our bodies and minds. After taking lots of pictures and spending close to two hours there we proceeded towards the Lonavala Lake which is a great attraction there. It was a pleasure boating in the lake and we enjoyed thoroughly before returning to the mansion.

Because of the hectic day, all of us were dead tired and after an early dinner decided to retire for the night. One by one everyone left for their beds. I don't know when, but sometime in the middle of the night, I woke up only to find Shruti shivering from top to bottom.

Getting up on my elbow, I asked anxiously, "What happened; why are you shivering?

"Nothing." She said gently before hugging me closely.

I shook my head exasperatedly, "no, something is wrong; tell me and we can do something about it."

She looked deep into my eyes and said cautiously, "there are some paranormal activities in this house; I can feel it."

I was stunned, "Are you mad? I think it is the effect of all the booze you had."

She slowly got up and leaned against the pillow watching me all along, "Last night I had a horrible dream, the same dream I had seen two years ago when I was here with my family." Pausing for a few seconds, her lips trembling slightly she added, "at that time I had seen a ghost too: a female ghost."

I started to laugh aloud, "Shruti, we are in the twenty-first century; who believes in all these nonsense; one can find ghosts and paranormal activities only in books and movies."

I stopped laughing as I saw her crying uncontrollably.

After pampering her I went to Shivansh's room; she too followed me. After knocking I entered the room. Shivansh was chatting with Urvashi and Parth, Krunal and Sonali were smoking joints. They were almost stoned, so without disturbing them I asked Shivansh for Shruti's car keys. As he was handing over the keys I told him everything and told him that Shruti and I were proceeding to Pune. He was thoughtful and considerate and asked me to call as soon as we reached back to Pune. Shruti took her handbag and as we were leaving the house I took a puff from Shivansh's cigarette.

The entire journey was done in almost silence. I could see that she was in no mood for light conversation, and most of the journey, her face was turned away from me. We stopped a couple of times for ice cream and some cold drinks. When we reached her mansion she straightaway headed towards her bedroom as the familiarity of it was a great comfort for her. Due to the ice cream and cool drinks, I was developing a slight migraine and asked her for some hot milk. She brought hot milk and some cookies. After some time she stretched

full on the bed with the lights on. As I couldn't sleep with the lights on I switched off the tube light before lying beside her.

"In a dream as I imagine about a life partner, you are the same as that; I love you." Her words gently reached my ears.

"I too love you, but my first duty is to take care of you; I want to spend my entire life with you. Now, go to sleep." I said before closing my eyes wearily.

Suddenly she pressed my left shoulder continuously watching each other's eyes. She came so near me. The heartbeat starts beating, reckless hot breathing can be sensed by both of us. She trapped my head in her hands and started smooching; then I also college her head till ten minutes continuously smooched heartbeat get faster quicker and more rapid when I held her shoulder to get upon me. She started biting on the neck. It felt so sugary her fragrance attracted me toward her like it was a fresh strawberry and today I want to have it. That's getting out of control. She raised her hands then got on top herself for it. She didn't hesitate to start smooching again and took a hand to unhook her bra back but it was too difficult to unhook it. While laughing, she took her hand back then unhooked it. For her, it's a work of the second, and I took more than a minute. We both were so high now she got down on her and started pressing her nipple and her round tight boobs which were white as milk from one hand and another one below her head tightly trapped her hair. Sucking pink nibble unbutton denim from her right-hand takes it down as she senses it. Got scared and told me she didn't know anything related to that thing. Trust me I said she replied more than her. From her hand, she got down her pantie and took out my t-shirt now both were in a naked position. Covered from blanket started smooching and trying to enter but she was a virgin it's too difficult for both of us. So I asked her to fold up her legs and hence its work on. But due to the pain, she tightly pressed me from the back. Her

nails made many small wounds like a scratch on my back and legs. It's so painful, she said twice. So to distract her mind again started smooching, sucking nibble, biting on the neck. Pressing hips, were a continuous process randomly with up and down, up and down were ongoing processes till sperms were not ejected.

After that, eyes had been on her face tears of happiness like from a year ago, she was thirsty, and I cooled it down. The first time her happy face I kissed on her forehead. She took a water bottle and handed it to me. I have it. Both hugged each other in a nude state, switched off the light, and slept. Early morning she woke up after getting fresh came to me and woke me also. As we started our conversation cell beep its Shivansh calling, he asked me to come to the mansion because the key was with me.

"Kabir, did you take precautions last night?" She asked.

I shook the head, "it all happened so suddenly; as you know nothing was planned."

She grimaced, "Okay; now what to do?"

"Don't worry; we will do something," I said while taking the car keys from her and proceeding back to my mansion.

Everybody was waiting for the key in the garden and handed the key to Krunal. The open door we all were inside the mansion after some rest Shivansh dropped everybody at their mansion; the whole day took rest and the next day woke up, without discussing anything and went to medicos to buy a birth control pill. And proceeded to Shruti mansion where she came out and took a seat on the left side. On the way, she handed her pill and asked to have it with water without

asking any questions. Until two weeks there was a continuous class so no enjoyment only projects and assignments. Then on the weekend, there was a huge party to stress out. All were there Shruti and her friends we buddies were already dunked then babies also join us at Parth room were crowded by everybody like his past habit he played a trance at the loud voice on the other way Krunal started making joints mixing marijuana with hash and with a full of high-tech gadgets all were busy in making fun of each other. Jiya and Krunal both were so high Krunal was repeating one word Hey bitch, hey bitch of wiz Khalifa song with busy in making spliff of 007 kush, he pretending like wiz Khalifa. So Jiya was continuously mumming something like Rihanna. In the illusionist's situation, everybody was in deep rational Shivansh, and Parth went out with Alisha to bring dinner and liquor, Shruti feeling so unconscious due to the hangover of alcohol. So I asked her to proceed upstairs to take a rest in the room. Then went out to the balcony after five minutes. Sonali was there with a drink. While taking the support of the wall with alter position.

“Lonely, lonely Kabir; what are you doing here?” Sonali’s words sounded almost teasing

I was in the mood for light talk, so replied curtly, “just enjoying the evening” I was more worried about Shruti’s condition.

“You are, so hangover,” She said while keeping the glass before lighting a cigarette.

“I know it, but I also know you and Krunal” I retorted while she passed the cigarette to me.

“That is a good catch; you are too observant; seems to know a lot about me; tell me more; would like to know.” She said

I looked at her for some time before replying casually, “You always want to be on top; always dreaming of achieving everything in the field of fashion, at any cost.”

She nodded enthusiastically, “Absolutely spot on; my ambition is to become a fashion icon.”

After half an hour Parth arrived Sonali went downstairs to have more drink. And I went to the room to see Shruti now she was somewhat conscious went near to her. Take away hairs from her face attach back to the ear. She hugged me then started smooching suddenly remembered that the door was open so get up she said what happened? Without reply closed it then again started smooching like the past time when unbuttoning denim, she nodded asked to use precaution. Watching reaction, she said just buy protection. Pills were so harmful. Suddenly get and start remembering where saw condoms at last time it's Parth room. So button jeans went to Parth's room from there cleverly went to loo take it and came back. The closet door got on the bed again started smooching her this time both were wild she unhooked the bra itself, I started sucking it. While shying asked me to take out her, denim her, I did it. Within a minute both were fully naked as I saw her pussy it's fully shaved and look like a virgin then eyes on her face she said well-maintained I smiled and hugged her then after putting condom intimated it was a much different experience as both of were in the hangover, so it's different this time both were so franked to each other. In naked condition, she was upon me covered by a blanket till then somebody knock door, so suddenly she takes her lingerie's other fabrics went to the loo. Open door Sonali was there so enjoyed cool couple happy for you.

“What are you talking about?” I asked

“Are you thinking I am a fool or you are becoming over smart?” She asked

“What do you want, baby,” I asked

“Nothing (*yaar naal setting karwade*)” She said

“Don’t go so far just try once and am also good in bed?” I said

“Naughty Monkey Kabir. Stop kidding, just do something. I fall in love with that Punjabi Munda” She said

“Don’t worry I will ask him?” I said

“Okay bye, she said you are so good on the bed she heard Shruti screaming through the door”. She whispered in my ears.

“You are really a bitch” I said

Exam time

After a short vacation finally, the time had come to go back to school but in college, exam time is known as school time. Other days were like a holiday when you have to go to college depending on your mood or your friend’s mood. But on exam time whether your mood or not you have to go; it’s mandatory. So everyone was busy cramming each and every line and on the other hand, I started to understand it practically like before as I used to do in school time. As the exam days were coming nearer, the pressure started increasing. Mainly on Parth and Krunal both of them were of the same category every time to deny and delay for starting preparation. Overmorrow, tomorrow, from this evening in this we see the time passed away then there were no more tomorrows; just exams days.

One day before the exam both buddies came to my room with one of the new notebooks and asked me to teach them. So for two hours continuously taught them every topic practically till then Shruti called me on the cell.

“Kabir, I want hash or marijuana” Shruti

“You moron, tomorrow there is an exam” I shouted

“That’s why I want; without the stuff, I can’t concentrate on topics”
Shruti

“Baby, it’s too late; every point will be closed,” I said

“I don’t care I want now it’s up to you from where you get it” Shruti

“Are you drunk?” I asked angrily

“Yes now I want to get higher no more fear of exam, so please arrange
stuff” Shruti

Ending the call I went downstairs because only one place I would get all these things was Parth’s room. He always has a stock of such stuff. As I entered the inside room, he was intimate with some unknown girl, both in naked condition. Took a back step within a minute. He was also there so I asked for stuff he took out from the wallet and handed me. I went to Shruti’s mansion at Viman Nagar as she saw cars coming downstairs. I took out stuff to give her, but she took a seat on my left and asked to go to my place. Reaching there on the terrace she started rolling and lighted it suddenly and didn’t know on YouTube a song from the movie Jo jitawohiSikandar were started playing *pehla nasha* before I pause Shruti interrupted as she liked 90’s romantic songs so much and this one is her favorite. A romantic song, a cool breeze, and a beautiful girl with a joint in hands! Such awesome moments! She smoked, threw a butt, came near to me, and started smooching. I lifted up her from the waist and lap her. In the morning When she got out of the bedroom, buddies got shocked; Parth was continuously staring at her.

“*Kya Kabhi choti ladki nahi dekhī?*” Shruti asked

“Dekhi hai. Par Subha subha tu aur bhi hot lagti hai mai ketha hu yeh shorts bhi utar de aur bhi hot lagegi” Parth

“Hot nahi khethay hai, bhabhi maal nahi maa k saman hoti hai asshole” Shivansh to Parth

“Now please stop staring at me. it looks so weird” : Shruti

“Kaun Meri baby ko pareshan kar raha hai” I asked

“Yeh fukra keh raha hai subha subha hot lagti ho. Aur shorts utar do”
Shruti in a naughty way like a kid.

“Baby tum ho hi it and hot. chalo baby ko joint bana k do” I told Parth

“Agar tu kahe toh ek night k liye switch karle apan apni girlfriend”
Parth to me

“Fuck off you asshole I will uproot your penis then you can’t fulfill even your girlfriends wish” Shruti to Parth in an angry tone.

“Who was she last night?” I asked Parth.

“Our senior, Akanksha Oberoi. Why do you want her?” Parth

“Keep quiet; if Shruti hears she will kill me,” I said.

Finally, the first exam was finished; I came out of the exam hall to have a glass of water. This gives so relax feeling next was after two days firstly went home all gather their place on the sofa like a crocodile and started playing subway surfers on I phones. Then had lunch and started planning something special for the evening. So many mischief and pranks were invented in our minds per second. Parth asked to go to some haunted place which has a terrible record in the past years so started finding the place, and at last, we got one of them in the middle of the city. From 10 pm we started having our drink then at midnight went to the residency club, a place where the most horrific spooky things happened known as haunted houses. In

the daytime too, people don't dare to enter the house and at night no one can pass from that bungalow. At night nobody was there; not even chirping of birds as we four came out from the car. The entire environment was enough to give us goose-bumps the size of moles. Before we moved forward the planner Parth, it turned his step backward and why not the entire bungalow was giving an eerie feeling and eerie calmness. I heard loud evil laughter and screams of the old lady even recently many people saw her sitting on the top. As for me I also wanted to see her. But on the flip side watching that bungalow from near Parth was getting negative feelings and he wanted to go back. And we three decided to enter the mansion. So moving ahead through the main gate many dead leaves were crushed by our steps and gave a very haunted and creepy sound which made our heartbeat so fast. Soon I reached the courtyard where an old Ambassador car in a scrap condition was parked. As we reached the main door, the strong wind started, and the creaking sound of moving the door from inside started coming strong wind was blowing around us. Observing these pronominal activities Shivansh asked to take a back step but I and Krunal, a Punjabi jatt boy were still ready to enter that ghostly place. But after being insisted on so many times by Shivansh, we came out rolled blunt and standing on the road smoked it. At last, we came back home due to the stoned condition. We have so much courage to go to that place in normal conditions which nobody dares to pass even during daylight.

After two days of exams like every time we reached college but this day was something different due to the reshuffle of the sitting arrangement Krunal and Parth were back to back from me. It's a fact that they would disturb me. So before distributing the answer sheet, I asked them to write what they remembered after two hours to help them. Two hours passed and they hadn't disturbed me. I attended all of the questions. Now it's time to help them, so I showed him the answer from my desk till half an hour and everything was good.

Professor Joseph, a very strict and rude person caught us. Firstly they warned me as I was the main culprit ignoring them again I started showing the answer sheet suddenly they came and hit on the back of my head. Every single person's eyes were on me that moment was full of embracement. For a while angrily eye contact took place then he warned me to fail in all subjects. That sentence hurts my ego. The temperature of my head rose so fast before I slapped him. Krunal pampered me from back on shoulder and asked me to calm down. Submitting the answer sheet came out of the hall. Soon we all reached home without any further discussions.

“Don’t worry; just have a chilled beer” Krunal took out one from the refrigerator and handed it to me.

“The beer did not give me peace. Only revenge would; I don’t know how but within a month he will not be seen on the college campus.”

“Okay, don’t worry I will teach him a good lesson. Now calmly, have your beer” Krunal

“So what’s the plan; what will you do?” Parth

“Just wait and watch; I will trap him in a massive case.” Krunal laughed so loud while having a beer.

“Please stop this nonsense; nobody will do anything to professor; it's your mistake; you were cheating,” Shivansh told us

Without any reply, we three kept quiet, but the suspense in his laughing had indicated that his devil mind had thought something inspected which will harm Professor Joseph very badly. Why I have to think about it. From now Joseph has to think twice before hitting and embracing students. To refresh my mood, buddies have organized a live song party. Parth is the best guitarist, and two-three more fellows were there from college. Switched lamp to dim yellow mode Krunal takes out Bombay Sapphire whiskey, makes a peg, and

then the concert starts with the evergreen romantic song of guns & roses November rain. On the third floor with two-sided glass elevation from there full, the view of the city was excellent, and suddenly the rain made the environment so cool that the moment cannot be described in words. In perfect time everyone was enjoying a lot and why not the best brand whiskey in hands with exhaling the smoke of hash and the best buddy shoulder on it you are playing a rhythm beat. That moment became more pleasant when they started playing back to back Coldplay and Pink Floyd and at last Bob Marley redemption when all were so high in the world of illusion.

Soon heavy rain started, the college buddies went back to their places and we four decided to have drinks in some different places. Krunal suggested “drinks on wheels” first feel so awkward then take the seat and start the car. Bruno also took a seat on the backside. He's also enjoying the rain. The Marvelous feeling when heavy rain with the 70s & 80s songs and slow cars on the main street of Pine with drinks in hand and without traffic. It was our first experiment and this place is better than any bar and why not in the bar you can sit but in the car everything is live.

Ten days later

The final exam paper arrived and we went to college. I don't know how it was a day but my sixth sense was saying something had happened. Completing a three hours exam came out at that time through friends I heard about the resignation of Professor Joseph. I have no idea what has to happen why he resigned from his post. I knew that Krunal had played some trick and there was Krunal's hand in this case. Went to him to know what type of joke he played to force the professor to resign.

“Eat the mangoes, don't count the kernels” Krunal

“I am very thankful to you. But tell me what did you do?”

“It’s not the right place to discuss. Tonight over drinks” Krunal

At last, the evening arrived and went to high spirits, the best place for guys I wanted to listen to the full fable so I ordered hard drinks. Soon Krunal started narrating how he trapped Joseph and forced him to give resignation two college student were going to the professor's home for extra tuition at that time they fixed a hidden camera on the professor's house, and within two days the movie of Joseph sir and his wife was in my hand simply through that clip I forced him to leave college. I asked how he had convinced the two girls first before doing this. He replied that he had arranged their nudes pictures through their boyfriends. First, blackmail them, then professor.

“So finally I complete my words” Krunal

“I had full trust on you brother” I

“You both are devils. Joseph sir is a genuine person” Shivansh

“From now no one dares to go against me” I

“An eye for an eye makes the whole world blind,” Shivansh said by (M.K Gandhi)

“Revenge is the purest emotion”, (Mahabharata). I said

“Sometimes I am so scared of you” Shivansh

“Brother, you are my soul; can’t live without you,” I said and hugged him.

“So please apology your mistake to Joseph sir” Shivansh

“Are you mad; Kabir Malhotra is an icon, and Joseph has made the biggest mistake for that he has to paid” I

“One day you also have to pay for that you hate yourself for this type of attitude and arrogance” Shivansh

“So what's the plan for the trip to Leh-Ladakh,” Krunal asked to change the topic.

“It's final; we are leaving for Delhi tomorrow” Parth

“And what about bikes and our Bruno, how will we manage it” Krunal
Shruti will take Bruno to her place and in Delhi, we will find some solution. Otherwise, asshole will buy one for him” I

LEH LADDAK

We reached New Delhi airport early morning; driver Santosh was waiting for us outside terminal 3; first, he dropped Shivansh at Vasant Kunj then went to my mansion at Dwarka like every time: only servants and chefs were present and both mummy and daddy were out for work. So asked both buddies to enjoy doing whatever

they want to live freely without any hesitation but firstly have samosa and kachori in breakfast together, then requested the servant to take them to the guest room and I proceeded upstairs to my bedroom and opened the door; it was same like past as I had left it. soon switched on the light and jumped on the bed feeling like I am again in heaven so stress-free. The known smell of the room gave me some peace. Eyes on the ceiling and mind took me back to memories of old days for a while thinking about childhood days in that room felt like reliving each moment again. After relaxing got up lock, door lighted the cigarette and went to the washroom get fresh put slack fabric came out and went to the guest room Krunal was ready Parth at the washroom after he also got ready then proceed to Shivansh's mansion reaching their discussion started about bikes and other stuff which would be needed throughout the journey.

Now we want two bikes as I and Shivansh have our bikes; he has a Harley Davidson street bob. I have a street Rod special; this was gifted by daddy on his 21st birthday and soon started wandering to arrange two more as Krunal luck was so good he got one through his cousin Diljeet who was studying at Delhi University main campus. It was also a good model 1200 custom now one more bike to arrange then finally the trip will start before we find the bike for Parth decided to go to capital Harley Davidson limited at Greater Kailash for servicing of the other three bikes. At that time one latest model of the bike was released, the cruiser. In the first slight, it gets in our heart and mainly in Parth's soon he decided to buy it as it takes a day to complete the documentation process. Parth at a time took out a checkbook fill amount register for a bike in one click. In the next 24 hours, our bikes also got serviced, and Parth got his new bike. We bought other things like the waterproof tent plastic tank, costumes, other edible things, and medicines.

On the fourth day, early morning 7 o'clock through national highway 1 started the journey of the world's most dangerous motor-able road journey. On four different models of Harley Davidson proceeded for Manali, Himachal Pradesh. It's 521 km away on the whole route exchanging bike some time they are ahead so sometimes I, our first break was *Sukhdev Dhaba mirthal* 100km away from Delhi which opens 24hrs and mentions in the top five *Dhaba* in India first have breakfast of hot aloo paratha with tea. Then after crossing 160km Sonipat and Kurukshetra reached Ambala around 2 pm, took some rest, and had lunch. Till evening reached Mandi where Parth bought 3 bottles of the blue label from the liquor store as may be in Kashmir wine would not be available. At night he stayed at circuit house as before coming Krunal's father, a politician from Amritsar, so they have made all arrangements for us to stay the night there. As we reached the circuit house Parth took out whiskey. Due to tiredness, all have it, but in very little quantity as in the early morning, we have to proceed to the next destination. So I went for dinner in the dining hall where there was a Punjabi traditional meal Makki Ki roti and Sarson ka saag with dessert ras malai after having a delightful dinner back to the room the whole night took complete bed rest then the next day had breakfast get fresh.

New routes start to put jackets on to prevent chilling cool breeze. We exchanged bikes and started the journey from Mandi through national highway 3 within four hours and reached Manali. The cool breeze was blowing around us and it felt like it was winter. First, have lunch at Dhaba and from their Krunal arranged malana cream the world-famous best quality hash around 150grams. Parth there itself rolled a joint of "Asian fantasy" and started smoking it. Soon started a journey towards upward direction through Solang valley crossing Rohtang pass with enjoying a chilling breeze with chilling clouds we were at a height of 13000 feet. Many Bollywood movies shooting had taken place here. Reaching the Rohtang border

Shivansh showed permission form at Rohtang pass for Leh Ladakh. Now the cool breeze and cold were increasing more and more from the green grass region soon entering on white ice with a snaky zigzag way with narrow roads gives a goose's bump with excitement also. Up and down roads passing through the Himalayas give us so much peace and relaxation to our body.

Within four hours, 120 km reached Tandi's last petrol pump. The next petrol pump was approx. 150 km away so fueled the full tank of all bikes and poured some for emergencies on plastic cans. First, wash the face to have aloo paratha with pickles. From here you get only Maggie or paratha so I ask guys not to expect more regarding meals. After having lunch took half an hour rest then again started the journey but before that, I had smoked cigarettes. Put on headphones at 3 pm again and started the journey but only pass 60 km in three hours as due to the muddy road with a zigzag turns and skidding problem we decided to move slowly and steadily as it is good to move because a silly mistake will turn into a big accident but we wisely moved ahead.

In the evening around 6: 30 PM we reached the Zing Zing bar. As it's dangerous to move ahead, I decided to stay a night here in a tent. Parth took out whiskey. We took the seat near the fire and while playing cards had three pegs each with some hash then had dinner but sleeping in one tent adjusting in a compact space was such a memorable experience.

Not ending journey woke up at 8 AM to have breakfast of Maggie and a sandwich. Without bath proceeded for Pang on muddy roads full of pebbles slowly, we were moving towards Pang enjoying the mountains with snow on the top. We felt like the presence of god with some divine power. No birds or any type of creature; only we buddies and other vehicles. No restaurant, no malls, and not any type of luxurious hospitality were there then also one thing was there that

was priceless. Everybody wanted it in their life that peace on the mountain and flowing river gives so much peace that one can easily leave the illusionist world and want to spend their entire life at this place. For us, that was a very wonderful moment and why not with best buddies with joint in hands-on high attitude three of us making fun of one and that is Parth making his mood peevishness then he started abusing.

Around 2 PM we reached pang at a high altitude around 15208 feet height. Oxygen levels were not normal at this place so I had lunch within half an hour again to start the journey towards Leh. Traveling a hundred km finally reached Leh at 6 pm. Before proceeding to the hotel we went to the oxygen bar due to height chances to get low oxygen in the body it creates breathing problems and unconsciousness also. We three got normal results around 96 only krunal was below 50 so the nurse put in an oxygen cylinder. After that Went to the Hotel check-in, put luggage in, then took rest and went to the market it was small with many different types of handicraft shops and other woolen fabrics, wandering each shop but don't find anything special you found this thing on Palika Bazar or at Paharganj Delhi. After wandering here and there, at last, I went back to the hotel to have thukpa soup and momos for dinner. Start deciding the next three days' schedule till one hour and all were to decide their own destiny and went for rest. I woke up after brushing and had breakfast with traditional drink qwaha and proceeded to leh tourism office to take permission for Pangong Lake and Nubra valley. Then back to the hotel to take a rest the whole day. because the next two days' journey was so tough.

Early morning around 6 AM we started our journey towards Nubra valley. This route was harder and toughest as compared to the last one. Our first stop was Khardung la top which was known as the highest motorable pass height was around 18000 feet. Oxygen levels were very low at this place so many tourists who have breathing problems do not stay at this place. Within one hour we were at this

place and within ten minutes we clicked pictures. Move ahead for Nubra valley after four-hour driving we reached that place which was a heaven of earth. If anyone imagined about heaven it would look like this place. A tri-armed valley with a vast mountain of chocolate and coffee color with snow on it which looks like a mountain-shaped cake and on the other side a river with crystal shine water full of natural herbs. White sand makes a wonderful view of that valley. For two hours of enjoying the beauty of nature, we then went to the Diskit monastery, a statue of Maitreya Buddha. For some time we watched the statue; clicked pictures and enjoyed the view from height and back to Leh.

At the hotel first I took a bath but till now the body was painful. Krunal opened the macallan whiskey Parth roll blunt of stinky pink again new type of weed and hence Parth started till midnight and next morning moved to Pangong lake for four-hour continuous riding and we reached Pangong lake. Which was half in Chinese territory and a half in India crystalline saline salty chilled water with different types blue color variant somewhere in dark so somewhere in the light shade this type of lake was never seen by us before chilling water gives so much relief to feet it absorbs the pain of feet gives so much relaxation. After having noodles, momos came back to the pavilion.

The last day I woke up early in the morning decided to go to the Northside and this time choose to enjoy both ways. I want to go to the historical place as well as in the area of the outer plane. So firstly choose to go at the magnetic hill which was located Leh-Kargil-Srinagar national highway about 30 km from Leh. Manage SUV cars on rent because the phenomenon that defies gravity was experienced in the car, not on the bike. So proceeded there on car twenty minutes reached there it was so long line already many cars were there so in the queue after thirty minutes our turn comes, parked car in the white painted box on the road we felt like the car was lifting upward

then tried on hills at that time saw the car was moving upward without starting the engine. It's all due to their gravity force being less than 1G. Such a miracle was seen for the first time. On return at Leh, we found another historical place SpitukGompa which is a Buddhist monastery also known as a lonely planet. Nobody was there so freely we enjoyed every monument and went back to the hotel. That day till a late-night party on the rooftop of the hotel and the next day proceeded back to Delhi.

NAVRATRI

Love is in the air(*Dil ki patang dekho Udi udi jaye***)**

Holiday finished, and again college started but one step ahead the second year started. Regular college days are like some past schedule like morning in college noon at home and nights with lovers or friends. Till two months we continuously concentrated on studies third-semester syllabus were completed by us in two months, so no more worries regarding studies. Soon September arrived with its Navratri time. Parth and Shruti went to Gujarat to enjoy their famous festival Navratri. During this festival, all age group people play Garba: it's a type of folk dance with a wooden stick or simply claps. For both of them, it's more important than Diwali as it is a spiritual dance that is performed around a centrally lit lamp or a picture or statue of the Goddess Shakti and rings of dancers revolve in cycles. As they both

were gone, so my life was totally hollow, no more conversation with Shruti and Parth the main prank player, entertainer of the group was so away without him three of us got so much barenness. As Parth plays pranks on everyone this time, we decide to officiousness him at festival time. As Krunal planned to make unknown Facebook id add and post his every friend and through new sim card message to each and everyone that Parth got hospitalized due to kidney failure. After doing this tantrum he destroyed the sim card. Now it is Showtime.

Hence executed our plan and now Showtime wanted to see Parth's reaction and decided to give him a surprise. So, asked Sonali and Alisha to pack their bags. The next day with Alisha, Sonali and Bruno started the journey towards Vadodara from NH 4 within three hours. We crossed Mumbai as Krunal was so tired and wanted to take a rest he stopped the car at hotel Western to have tea and snacks as we were missing a blunt as its manufacturer was on holiday. After a short recess again started the journey now, Sonali was driving, and Shivansh was giving company Krunal was taking a nap due to tiredness. Soon we were at Surat. I saw a board written *Kamrej* square. many heard about this place but were from whom oh got it. From Parth, I had heard about this place and he said much time about relishing street food. This place asks Shivansh to pass under the bridge. Reached that place, and Sonali parked the car while Shivansh woke up Krunal.

“We have reached our destination?” Krunal

“No, we stopped to have some breakfast” Shivansh to Krunal

“From here it takes around one and half hours to reach Vadodara”
Alisha

“Kabir, it’s your turn to drive a car; I am so tired” Sonali to Kabir

“Don’t worry I will drive it” Alisha

Famous talk about this place is “foodstuff of Surat and burial in Kashi takes to heaven” Soon had delicious breakfast which was so heavy to digest like *Khaman, sev khamani, surti locho, butter vada pav* with a tea food with a desi style wants a desi stomach to digest it. After having so much breakfast for us it’s like a dinner everyone started yawning. Now Alisha also retreats to drive the car now, the only way I have to drive is to smoke one cigarette. now no more yawns. Starting the journey to give me company Alisha came ahead and others were sleeping like an owl talking and smoking at 2:00 pm reached Vadodara. Alisha calls Parth and casually asks him his address, so there was no chance of doubt. Finally got addressed JalaramMandir road Karelibagh proceeded for his mansion after asking several times to unknowns we found his place but it takes one-hour. Shivansh called Parth.

“Hey buddy where are you, I am so much missing you” Shivansh

“In Vadodara enjoying Navratri,” Parth said; his voice said he was so irritated.

“Nothing so boring. Want to smoke stuff marijuana but nobody here to crush it and roll it” Shivansh

“Ask master (guruji) Kabir he will go for you and if you want stuff then take it from my room. But please leave me alone am so disturbed” Parth

“I am talking to you so politely, and you feel irritating really you are asshole” Shivansh

“Sorry man but some morons publish fake news that my kidney got failed from the last 24 hours many different types of people call me.

Friends are giving condolence, cousins taunt me for drinking. I am so fed up from this rumor don't know who has spread it" Parth

"Don't worry; really did your kidney fail?" Shivansh

"All this is just a rumor; I am alright. Just pass cell to Kabir I will ask him to find who that person who leaks this type of rumor is" Parth

"Listen Kabir is an ordinary man, not a god or ACP Pradyuman of CID" Shivansh

"Okay just give the cell to Kabir" Parth to Shivansh

"I do not hear clearly, please come out on the network," Kabir tells him, so he comes out from his room.

Parth replied okay and got out.

On the terrace, he was there with the cell in his hands wearing shorts and t-shirts with his eyes on us. Firstly he didn't believe his eyes rubbed it once and again keenly started watching. We all laughed. He rushed down so incredibly moment that place was the happiest place at that time on earth. Now he was in front of us every second was passing like an hour soon he hugged everyone then raised Bruno in his arms and asked who played the prank we all nodded like we were unknown from that news, so he ignored it then we entered inside to his bungalow which was so big and with antique painting and statue and why not it's minister's mansion soon we got fresh and took a seat for a lunch the dishes were like khandvi, undhiyu, hung curd, thepla which was too much heavy to digest and sweet in taste but not as sweet as his mothers. She never sits for a minute every time asking us to have this and that. As our dish got empty, she again filled it with a new dish. This much sweetness in food and more than that in nature I never saw in any other woman for a while I lost in a dream if I had a mother she was the same as Parth's mother.

Too much full maybe for the next two days. I will not require having lunch, maybe it takes a day to digest. For accommodation Parth took us to his farmhouse at Makarpura, it takes 15 minutes. That place was full of amenities like a pool, gym. After having a good meal now is the time to sleep and everybody was already tired so Parth went back to his mansion and for four hours we took a nap. Around 8: pm everyone woke up; I called Shruti as she was also in Gujarat and luckily she was also in Vadodara.

“Hey, where are you?” I asked

“Vadodara, at cousins place” Shruti

“I want to meet you; come back to Pune,” I said

“Not possible; its Navratri time and family is here they want to spend time with me” Shruti

“So which place do you go for dancing? I asked

She said something like Maa Shakti Garba.

Okayed bye to each other.

At noon, unknown persons came with a carton full of branded liquors of different varieties. We started our journey; soon Parth came but didn't join us as he wanted to go back to play dandiya. We five were enjoying drinks, taking out stuff from the pocket, and rolling paper from the back cover case of the mobile. Started rolling joints as this doesn't smell even though any machine traces it. He asked the chef to cook food as we wanted and went back to his place.

It's 12 am after having plenty of drinks we decided to go at united way Garba a place where Parth went to go for a dance it's too much rush every girl looks like a Princess after wearing a patriotic dress *chaniya Choli* with a dandiya stick in hand I call Parth as he was busy in dance, so one of his friends came out and took us inside as it's not possible for drinkers to enter so through his political source. The entire environment was so fascinating in a colorful, different patriot dress all were fully lost in their world of Gujarati song, but the two-song Kesariyo Rang TaneLagyo and nand Ghar anand bhayo jai kanhaiya lal with DJ remix amazing this two make us jump on a dance floor but for that particular dress code needed we haven't worn that dress. But that place made us totally refreshed. Gujarat Navratri was so amazing. Today I know why Parth and Shruti didn't want to skip this festival which was of joy and happiness.

After enjoying a lot in the United way Garba now, it's time to proceed at Maa Shakti Garba where falguni Pathak was giving her live performance so apparently, it's not as easy to enter that place due to the crowd. It's uneasy to find Shruti in such a crowded place so ask Parth to call Shruti. Then through Parth forced her to meet him at channi bazar it's a youngster home. Within one hour Shruti with her cousin finally arrived at that place looking so beautiful in a Gujarati *chaniyaCholi* As her eyes saw me she ran to me and hugged me. I love you whispered in my ear; I replied too. Soon he went to Parth's farmhouse at Makarpura.

On the terrace, we all were so happy, mainly Parth and Shruti because for them it was a very big surprise like every time Parth rolled joints of super venom marijuana, the Punjabi guy started making peg, and hence the party started with gossiping. Till 4 AM we had our drink then went to our rooms Shruti was with me, and it's a beautiful night and we both wanted to make it so special till one hour in the

dim light in the room we talked suddenly she hugged me then slowly slowly we both got out of control, but this experience was different from last she never screamed the first time I saw a lady in her. Every move was just like a girl early morning she went back to her place as its common in Gujarat Navratri to get intimate at the time of Navratri due to one night stand the sale of condoms and birth control pill were rise to 25 to 50 %, and maximum abortion was done after that festival.

Early in the morning, we started preparing for Garba but this time not to see us dance. All five buy our patriot dress and haven't taken any alcoholic beverages at night. We all went to the United Way as Parth arranged passes for us. Now Shruti was also there with me what you wanted more when your beloved was with you at Garba so much fun one by one best live performance with a DJ remix it was a somewhat cool place than any pub so beautiful to dance in a roaming round goddess idol circle so different types of steps with a partner, in the group and with the third partner. Till 4 am we danced then went to the farmhouse. Everyone went to their room to sleep as they were tired. But I have to meet Shruti because after Diwali she came back to Pune so made a drink and went to the room to spend quality time. That night a romantic moment with Shruti was so memorable. To get intimate for us it was too common. For that, she never denied me.

The next day we proceeded to Pune; now each and every day passed so boring with no enjoyment, nothing dine, drink only one activity so decided to proceed to Delhi. We two with Bruno for him Shivansh booked accompanied baggage before 24 hours and flew to Delhi. Shivansh took Bruno with him as now it's our family member that takes a special place in our life. For the next twenty days, we enjoyed a lot with old school buddies. It gives love and peace to mind. Soon Diwali arrived and enjoyed a lot every dearest to call me to wish, but

Shruti called and gave me a shock without any hey hello she asked one question.

“Did you use protection?” Shruti

“Sorry suddenly happened for that not prepared” I

“From one and half months I am not on time. Maybe I will get pregnant” Shruti

“Okay, don’t worry I will find some way” As I said this she cut the call.

Next day early morning I went to a Shivansh place at Vasant Kunj and discussed this problem as he was so cool minded and definitely found some way when I told him he openly laughed at me for ten minutes. When I got angry he came on normal and both finally decided to go back to Pune to solve the problem after reaching and asked Shruti to meet at our place as it was our first time so not any experience how to solve it. On TV, newspapers, or some friends heard about abortion and where it did at the hospital but how don’t know. After searching on the net when did not get a solution Shivansh asked to call Sonali as she was so mature and unbiased like a tomboy she will definitely find out way Within an hour she came first narrate her problem without any objection she said to go the hospital for abortion listening to it Shruti started crying. Then Sonali assured her not to worry about it. Find out a better way Sonali said lighted cigarette then take out her cell dialed a no and went out to talk. After some time she came and asked for a pen and paper listening on cell, wrote some medicine name on paper then gave it to me. I handed it to Shivansh and asked him to buy it; Sonali taught her how to use it within a week and she got okay. As Shivansh wanted to go back to

Delhi, his parents called for some prayer and ritual ceremony before proceeding back, bought pills, and handed them to Shruti, and went back to Delhi.

BY HOOK OR BY CROOK

Again in Pune, everyone was so tired so we took a rest; then from the next day again the usual schedule began: went to university, but unfortunately, Shruti was missing. I called her many times, but her phone was switched off. For me to spend an hour without her was so difficult. But anyway one day passed without her by amusing and entertaining with buddies. After university, hours search for Jiya on campus, and she was in the canteen but unluckily, Shruti was also not there. Went to Jiya as she told us that she did not have any information about her for a while thinking how to contact her but haven't found any way so decided to go to her home. Shivansh asked the watchman about Shruti. He said she got married and moved to London permanently listening to this Shivansh got a shock; he didn't find anything valuable to ask for more information. Soon Shivansh was inside the car as he knew that I couldn't bear the truth. Soon he made himself normal and asked me to proceed to bar 101 at hotel JW Marriott. At the bar with a drink in my hands, I started emotional talks and started listening to sad songs. One after another drink like that I was one and a half bottles down and in hangover condition asking Shivansh to reveal the truth. But he knew that I was not in a condition to listen to that news till late night and drank heavily; he came out from a hotel in an unconscious condition in the car screaming Shruti. Shruti ...and suddenly got unconscious. At the mansion three of them took me to the bedroom.

“What happened to him” Krunal

“*Devdas ban gaya hai Shruti ki Shadi Ho gai*” Shivansh

“Does he know about it?” Parth

“No, not till now. If he knows about this then surely he will become Godzilla, and I don't have so much courage to tell him” Shivansh

“One day you have to say him about this” Krunal

“Time will change everything” Shivansh

Until the next three weeks, the same activities include listening to sad songs, taking drugs and alcohol in high quantities, and getting on the bed unconsciously. Many times Shivansh scolded me but no change. Every moment I cried for Shruti like a kid demanding cookies. Finally, a point arrived when the three of them fed-up from this type of tantrum, so Shivansh decided to give this news to me from someone else so he called Jiya.

“Jiya, what about Shruti where is she?” Shivansh

She permanently left India.” Jiya

“Why and when is she coming back?” Shivansh

“Do you think I am a fool; Kabir gave her some birth control pills, her mother found it in her bedroom she forced her to marry their relative’s son in London” Jiya

“Anyway to contact her?” Parth

“She got so many earfuls from her family, even don’t give her a mobile locked her then take to London” Jiya

“Please find out any way to contact her” I

“Okay I will try but Kabir congratulation you got an opportunity to become a father” Jiya said while laughing

“Bitch here my fucking head is blasting, and you asshole kidding, making fun of nonsense shit. Now keep your mouth shut” I said angrily

“Motherfucker Kabir” she replied and left.

At that time Shivansh asked me to watch in front of him and said dear forget her. She got married.

It's very good for you to come in a normal mode and face the truth:
Krunal

On that day three of them convinced me to wash my brain entirely, and finally, I accepted the reality that she has gone permanently from my life. And at last, Midnight arrives with a drink in hand and starts thinking about the romantic moment which we spent together. The whole night was passed in her memories. Then again new morning comes we wake up to get fresh and proceeded to university have breakfast in the canteen there Krunal saw an NSUI poster of the university election he show his interest and already belongs to a political family his father was a member of parliament we, three buddies, were ready to support him because if he becomes the president then we were the king of campus and he gets willing to participate so after a long discussion went to the classroom after two periods on short recess went to meet senior Mr. Ashutosh Gupta as he is a powerful man of the university. Soon, we fixed the meeting and started a conversation on the election. They gave us an address and asked to meet at Mr. Rakesh Rao Maratha's mansion.

In the evening went to Rakesh Rao's mansion. It's a big independent bungalow like us. Shivansh gave our introduction to the servant. He went inside then again came back to take with him upstairs the inside environment was so fresh full of smell perfumed fragrance with a big portrait of Bal Thackeray Sabah. (Father of Maharashtra) This shows he has a massive network. In his bedroom, he was with some friends and as we entered they went out, We sit Ashutosh introduce everyone to Mr. Rao specially krunal as he was the contestant of the

election then started the conversation where Mr. Rakesh Rao promised to give support then taught us the formula to get more votes with a short way to win the election. This conversation took place till hour then suddenly a call was on Mr. Rao cell urgently he wanted to go. He was sorry for suddenly pausing conversation in mid. Before him, we proceeded.

Time to fill the form for that lot of crowd in the university gathered with the support of Sanjay Rajput and the current president and Mr. Rao went all to the election cell room where Krunal and four other contestants filled form when Krunal filling the form the whole crowd raised up Krunal on their shoulders and chanting (*jeetega bhai jeetega krunal bhai jeetega*) east or west Krunal is the best day discussion took place inside campus garden with the ex-president. In the noon we arranged a party in which the central and dominant students of the university were invited with some Shiv Sena local leader as this was invited by me to show the external support as that was a part of the plan when the students saw this much crowd with us everyone realized we are powerful. Party was on the upswing and all were enjoying its election time. Due to this any mishap could not take place. So we decided to distribute our own jobs Krunal with the current president and his leading people discussing the next step, Parth with Shiv Sena local leaders, I and Shivansh with batch mates, junior and senior.

The real Election time started one week passed by sticking posters, making a list of opposition in order to find out the most powerful opposition party. is that person's younger brother whose fingers were broken by me in the first semester. Ranvir pathak was a mighty contented till week went to different branches ask for a vote from day to night every time in hooting spend with that lot of money time and energy also spend in this election reputation also a primary factor

due to this Krunal's father asked him to win an election at any cost this words by his father feed permanently in ears and give him more courage. This converted to one type of courage. Now to win an election for him was became his necessity soon he tried each and every step to get back all four contenders to beg off but it was not easy to win every day and night he worked like a donkey running from post to pillar to every single student and ask for a vote and basically for a person who hasn't said sorry for a committing mistake. After trying each and every way when he's not sure and lost confidence at that moment came to me one night.

"Kabir, I want to win at any cost," Krunal said in an angry tone.

First time I see that attitude, arrogance, and his devil nature. In another language, he wants to win it by hook or by a cook.

"Think once again; if Kabir started taking interest then nothing would be fair" Shivansh

"Fair or unfair. Only one thing is to want to win I don't know not even care about what I have to pay or what worst you do, but only I want, and that is to win any cost" Krunal

"From now don't interfere; will do on my terms and condition" Kabir

"Okay, start your bloody game. Break all rules and regulations, my ears want to hear the sound of victory" Krunal said and left.

Politics was good until it was done for a good cause when it takes the face of personal benefits and arrogance creates cataclysm. Kabir in the backside soon started dirty politics. It's like Kabir is a kingmaker. Shivansh many times tried to keep Kabir away from all this stuff because he knows when Kabir starts politics it definitely brings calamity. He many times tried to stop Krunal for asking help from Kabir, but he failed. From the next day, all work was shifted to Kabir; one thing remained krunal's front face. King has changed first he

makes a plan to win and how to break this squared planning and for this how much money man would need. First, he calls the poorest localities contender. Arranged a meeting with Arjun Ramtek, the weakest contender asked to meet him at Mansion. Arjun accepted his proposal and came to the mansion with a gun for protection. Watching this once Kabir only smiles then starts a conversation.

“Take your name out as contender” I

“Are you mad? No, not at all” Arjun

“Make money don’t argue otherwise it’s my place I have more people here that much bullets were not there in your guns” I

“Two lacks I want and my candidate fully support you” Arjun

Finally, Arjun takes money and asks to get back from his position. Like this, for the next three days, Kabir called the next two contenders two accept the proposal one gets ready and another one was the brother of that person to whom Kabir broke his finger. Ranvir was not willing to cancel his nomination. Kabir calls him but he hasn't arrived. This hurts Kabir's self-respect and dignity from there the game of violence and cruelty starts. For this, we conduct one meeting with Ashutosh Gupta and Sanjay Rajput as they are busy people so only for an hour meeting takes place and in that one perfect solution they give to win the election.

Now Only a week was left for voting for the next three days distributed wines to get a vote, but this was useless opposition already working on the same plan, so the competition was too tough for us so decided to kidnap the main contender there was a local vagabond and professional kidnappers. Who kidnaps him but chooses to give this

work to some experienced one who can tackle the situation very well without leaving any witness so decided to call rowdy people from behind even police also scared of this place. parth contacted them within a day they arrived. They are fives with arms and krunal show them Ranvir pathak photos. We have limited time, only 48 hours left for voting. soon find out Ranvir's current location. Parth went with rowdies to show the place it was somewhere near Baner Road as rowdy entered inside the office and asked Ranvir to cooperate with a gunpoint in front of 20 supporters. on gunpoint take Ranvir with them as parth watching from outside he narrates that nobody dares to interrupt them.

now only 36 hours were left and Ranvir elder brother Anuj pathak called me many times as he knew that this kidnap was done by me. but I haven't answered. Before 24 hours he could not file (FIR) first information report. As Ranvir is not present before six-hour his nomination gets canceled. now only krunal and one more candidate left he was weak so not so much worry about that part. Soon, 24 hours passed as we knew the police came to our place to checking Ranvir's brother was with him. it's a legal process so we don't interrupt cops. a person they are finding was 200km far away from that place in some rural place.

Finally, that moment came when voting started. In the late afternoon, counting around 5 pm till 2 hours and counting starts under top-level gazette government officers. Due to hesitancy and jumpiness of all were having a beer in a car outside the college campus at that time batch mate came he was heavily breathing Shivansh offered him a beer he opened then disclosed the news that Krunal wins. For some time we all get a shocker. For us it was like a dream two-three times, again and again, asking him till then he did not get irritated, and at last, he screamed at us then started laughing and said: "yes we win." Everybody got silent for a second and continued watching each other

than once shout “yes we did it “ and hugged each other. That moment was so beautiful for us. It was just a dream. The campus was full of students and faculty when we all came out everyone raised Krunal on their hand's volunteer start firing crackers and put blooms on his neck. And hence krunal won the university election. after that, I called those rowdies to leave Ranvir with some money on the national highway

unfortunately, Ranvir elder brother Anuj pathak also came there with ten buddies he hangs Krunal neck tightly then started asking about his brother from back Bruno started barking on him and two guns were pointed at his head watching it he gets shivered within a second he released Krunal then started crying that melts me like wax. And his tears touched a soft corner of my heart and soon a rowdy ask then about Anuj he said he left him on the way at Dhār district vast barren mountainous area of before near District Indore in mid of Madhya Pradesh. Soon got the exact address as its dangerous area so decided to go with him the whole night thinking if he double-crosses me the Next day with him we proceed for Indore after a fifteen hours journey to reach there, till two days we search him at last with the help of the last location where they left Anuj. We found him in a very rough and dull condition of clothes and health. At that time I felt so sorry, then apologized to him for the mistake.

FUCKING FRIDAY

Early morning arrived in Pune from Indore and reached the mansion by cab. Rang the doorbell many times but nobody opened the door so went to the nearest restaurant to have tea with toast; then again came back and rang the doorbell. Luckily this time a girl opened the door. She was wearing only lingerie as I entered and she went to Parth's room. Am so tired ignoring her went upstairs to the room, switched the cell phone on silent mode and got on the bed for the next ten hours, continued on a deep nap mode when woke up lighting cigarette came downstairs in the living room it's 8 pm there were three unknown gorgeous girls with three buddies. Everybody got shocked watching me only in shorts shirtless. As they thought that I am still out of the station, it's because that gorgeous girl hadn't told Parth about a boy who came early in the morning and that's me.

“When did you come back? Shivansh

“Moron you fools sleep like Ogre” I

“Full night jam-packed tight so how can wake up so early” Parth

“Thanks to that gorgeous girl who opened the door” I

“Who’s that?” Krunal

“I unlocked it,” Anushka replied from the backside. She was the childhood friend of Parth, who had come to the mansion for the first time.

“Thank you very much, Anushka” I wished and offered her a cigarette.

Everyone went to Parth’s room and while screaming suddenly came out as our Bruno was inside. Parth took out him then everyone got inside and soon they started playing cards. Parth played the mellow mood of Bob Marley then took out a hash from a small polybag round it and pointed a paper pin in it then lit it. Blow off until its oil can’t burn out, then crush it and mix with tobacco. Now stuff was ready filled that thing tightly inside rolling papers around it stuck it with saliva through lips. Soon by Anushka’s take out a new type of marijuana named “purple princess” parth lighted joint then passed it to Sonali we are eight in the room only one girl was not involved in this activity that was Nandini this news when come to know by all then Krunal started poking her by offering her joint.

“Till now which type of stuff did you have?” Krunal

“smoking fucking addictive, it’s not my cup of tea” Nandini

“Stop driving up the wall” Sonali to Krunal

Suddenly Nandini's cell rang; it's her daddy's call to avoid disturbance and she went out. At that time Jiya bet me to influence Nandini so she started loving me as she hasn't had a boyfriend till now as because each and every bad habit about Jiya was known by Nandini and by chance if she disclosed this to her parents it would be great trouble for her on the other way Nandini was such a simple, innocent girl, and she didn't have any weak point of Nandini, so Jiya bet me. As she knew if I accepted the proposal then definitely I would win. In another way, Jiya wanted a weak point of Nandini that she wanted to be created by me. Already very well knew the intention of Jiya so I accepted the proposal but would not win it. Because I started liking Nandini which was mainly belonging to Mumbai but in Pune doing B Tech from some national engineering college.

The next day Krunal went to Amritsar by flight; now only we three were left the whole schedule was changed till the early morning we smoked and inhaled whole cocaine night was sleepless busy in doing useless activities like playing hitman on X-box 360 or watching friends series then sleep at 6 am early morning and woke up at 4 pm; had light lunch again started useless activities roaming around the city went to discover new bars came back at 12 am then again that fucking sleepless night arrived which was full of hangover and delusion. One week passed away by doing the same activities. One day Parth's cousin called him and asked to come to Mumbai; it's his marriage bachelor party, so we three decided to go there as Jiya and Nandini were also at that place as they all were related to each other.

It's Friday for others but for us, it's fucking Friday. As usual, like everyday morning proceeded to Mumbai within an hour of our

destination at hotel Oberoi. Parth's, the cousin, had already booked a suite for us. Checked in and went to the room after some light meal went to orbit mall to buy fabrics for the bachelor party, then from there proceeded to Colaba, Parth's cousin's mansion who had invited us. The mansion was decorated with different types of led lighting and flowers. We entered inside because it was so crowded from relatives Parth's cousin ChiragThakkar came out; first Parth introduced us to Chirag then congratulated him for his third-time love marriage. Suddenly my eyes caught a girl that was Nandini she was looking so gorgeous in baby pink designer saree when she saw me we both made eye contact with each other; she smiled in reply I also smiled; went near to her but unluckily another girl pulled her hand and went inside till last moment continuously watching me then Chirag asked us to come upstairs to his bedroom; we took a seat; Parth and his cousin Chirag started making fun of each other by recalling childhood memories. After a while Chirag got busy with other buddies who came to meet him rush was getting more and more so decided to proceed from there we bye-bye him for four to five times he asked to come at the bash and proceeded back to the hotel. Many times I tried to sleep but didn't know why my eyes were not getting closed because of Nandini no... no ...no she is not my type she is so innocent and I am the god of devils. Every time an unconscious mind plays a see-saw the game.

Suddenly Parth asked to go to a pub; Shivansh was also getting bored so decided to go. First went to the washroom got fresh put new fabrics then went to six degree at the Leela at Andheri East; entered inside took a seat near the counter on a long chair and started having different beverages like tequila then, fire shot in different flavors which made our head so heavy three of us feeling so hangover due to sparkling lights a headache to start three of were getting in an abnormal condition. Parth moves to the washroom and Shivansh is busy watching the dance of couples. Twenty minutes had passed, but

Parth had not arrived so asked Shivansh to go near the ladies' toilet so maybe in drunk, he went inside the ladies' washroom. Shivansh got up from his chair and lit a cigarette then proceeded to the washroom. Ten minutes passed away Shivansh didn't come back now it's a somewhat serious matter so after finishing the last drink went to the washroom. Watching Parth inhaling cocaine I got shocked to ask Shivansh to go out then once I inhaled and asked Parth to pack up for me like time was stopping for some moment, and Nandini's face was in front me. But soon came back to normal.

"Jerk, come out," I said to Parth but he still wanted to take more.

"Just taste its ticket to heaven" Parth

"Asshole, enjoy in the colorful city which never sleeps" I

"This is real heaven; come" Parth

"Airhead, leave it now," I said

"Please take it once more" Parth

"If you take more you will sleep forever," I said and went out to take a seat in my place.

Within ten minutes Parth came and his eyes were so red. The paid bill then went out and I took a seat on the driving side. Shivansh next to me. Parth lay like dead bodies on the back seat. For a while, I got confused about where to go so decided to go to the best place in Mumbai Juhu Beach. It's 8 pm and we proceeded to Juhu beach. Within an hour we were there. I got out of the car to buy vada pav from the street and started eating *vada pav*. This place is famous in the whole world and half of Mumbai was living on it. Parth came down from the car looking like an effigy. Came near to me and asked for *vada pav* from me. I bought one for him. He took it and then on the

seaside face sat on a barrage like a kid started having without any troubling half an hour took to have it. This time he went to the next stall which was of dabeli, a Gujarat dish similar to vada pav, and took one more again in the same position and started having it. On the other way, we both were listening to songs in the car and suddenly Parth took out his cell from the pocket. I came out the cell was ringing he answered it. Took it to ear, but couldn't reply many times and tried to speak out but due to some other trip and overdose was not able to reply. Totally lost I said and took a cell from his hand, Chirag his cousin; continuously saying 'hello Parth', 'hello Parth.'

"I am Kabir, his friend" I

Where is Parth, what happened? Chirag

"So much stoned due to cocaine" I

Okay, don't worry just come at ITC Grand Central" Chirag

Ended calls; asked Parth to get in. He took five minutes to get inside. I locked all doors and windows through primary control then proceeded to ITC Grand We Went inside; it's so calm climate and all were enjoying their drinks. It's such a fabulous party some were from Bollywood and Tollywood actors and directors and other high profile. Nandini and Jiya were also there ignoring them. We all met Chirag as today was a very special day for him. So only a rare time he could give it to us, and why he gave this time to us next time, also he wanted to give the same treatment if this time also the third marriage would not work properly maybe next time guests will not attend it. Don't know how much free time this person has and how the third one he gets definitely belongs to a Bollywood background. Didn't know but one thing was impressive: his charm and glow were on his face like the first time he was getting married. Soon we went to the

bar counter till then Parth got somewhat normal. We started with scotch then started drinking different types of cocktails. My cell rang its daddy's call so went out to talk. After Ten minutes back to back Sonali called me and it took five minutes after then I went back and I saw Parth bet on one unknown Punjabi woman. The condition was who will drink more wine. The bet started both competitors one on one start having it went near to Parth as he was not listening to Shivansh so pulled him took far from the bar counter and asked to sit on a chair. After some time Jiya with her friends and Nandini also joined us; soon Jiya introduced us. When I was gossiping to Nandini at that time Shivansh went to the washroom on the other way Parth also followed him back to back. After a moment Shivansh came and whispered in my ears. He said Parth was masturbating inside the bathroom. As these words entered inside ears and suddenly I started laughing soon Shivansh also.

“What’s so funny; can you share with us so we can also laugh?” Jiya said this line reminded me of school time. When teachers scold me.

“Nothing, bitch” I whispered in her ears.

“You jerk”, she replied and showed me the middle finger.

“For your kind information, I do not use figures. If you want to try, you can. And I am not worse; I am more than that. So please don’t hurt Nandini. I love her so much.” I whispered in her ears and came out.

I told her in total hangover condition.

“Bloody psycho clown” Jiya to me

One by one after me Shivansh came to the washroom where Parth was doing some mess. *Bhai nikal de jitna nikal na Hai Ek Din mai, fir*

tujhko Bhi Aur Teri future girlfriends Ko Bhi Shanti as he heard my voice came out from the washroom and closed zip went to the washbasin. So finally I said it. But no reply from Parth saves it for your future girlfriends otherwise. She spends the day with you and night with some other person. He proceeded and back to back we both. At the round table due to a hangover he got down Jiya stood and raised him up. Till then we both went there, Nandini asked him okay he didn't answer. After a while he wished to go with me, so Nandini also came to the parking lot. I made him sleep in the car and put four cigarettes in his upper pocket.

Anyhow made him sleep inside the car like a kid locked it then lighted a cigarette watching this Nandini took it out from the mouth and threw it away. I started staring at her for a while then went back to the garden where all were enjoying their drinks. But the kid is a kid again: Parth came out he was in the same condition as before but asking for weed I got him one drink then asked Shivansh to take him back to the car like a kid we both had to take care of him, and he behaved like nuts. When he finished his drink Shivansh brought him back to the car.

“Thank you very much” I

“It’s all right” Nandini

“So when are you coming back to Pune?” I

“Why? Want more help?” Nandini

“Liked your helping nature want to spend some quality time” I

“Okay; when I will be there definitely we will meet” Nandini

“Sure,” I said, and we both exchanged our cell no. We bye-bye to everyone and left.

Nandini came out to see me many times she asked to stay, but the condition was so critical. She also knew that suddenly I hugged her and didn't know why I did this. Maybe the empty place of Shruti was only filled by her for the first time and got such a genuine person to whom my heart was saying no Kabir didn't leave her. Don't go away from her. As I started loving her, I told her the truth about Jiya and how she wanted to trap her. Listening to this she hugged me and replied thank you. And just simply smiled while saying bye-bye to each other then proceeded to the hotel. From morning haven't had a perfect meal so first done with dinner then proceeded to Pune on the whole way thinking about her

Back to Pune

Parth was in a very deep nap so anyhow pulled him to his bedroom.

I now got a relaxed locked the main gate then went to the bedroom put nightdress turned off the lights and got on the bed; only half-hour was passed away till then my cell rang; it's Alisha's call answered it. She asked to open the door. I opened it as she was standing there. Asked to come inside; she came then said it's too late to go home that's why she came here and asked her to sleep in Kunal's room as it was empty and Parth was totally stoned first she went. And I went to my room. After some time Alisha knocked door she was there said feeling scared so asked to sleep in my room she came rest on a left side in the corner asked her whether she was comfortable or not. Perfectly am comfortable she said, and I turned off the light and lay down on the right-side. But due hesitation I

couldn't sleep so went downstairs to make one peg lighted a cigarette and then back to the room.

"Feeling uncomfortable due to me? Alisha asked

"No, not at all like that you can sleep. I am here only; don't be scared" I

"Want more drinks? I can get it for you" Alisha

"No thanks; if you want, you can have it." I

For a while, she thought then went down and brought two glasses of whiskey; handed me one and the other was in her hand; she switched dim light as every friend knows I like to drink in the dim light she sat on the bed I was on the couch while gossiping and laughing on jokes both finished drinks. It is so hard pegs so want to sleep lay down and ask to switch off the light she said no you switch off. No, I will not, and lay down please turn off the light I said while touching her left hand from mine right one. She started playing with her fingers and suddenly she trapped her fingers from my ones and started watching my eyes. Both started watching in each other's eyes she came near and once kissed I got shocked and frizzed for a while. I was shocked. I can't say anything feels like getting a 440-watt shock. A sentence was flashing in my mind again, and again no she is your friend's girlfriend; continued watching her, and she started smooching with tightly trapping my hairs from her hands I pushed her back and asked to leave me. As Nandini's face came in front of my eyes but again she came and started again; I pushed her back and went on the couch due to a hangover. She again came to me, kissed me, and put her hand inside my briefs and touched my penis. She started shaking it. Now both get hot without thinking it right, or wrong to be intimate with a friend's lover. Both of us took out our own fabrics and

undergarments and started intimating suddenly she screamed so loud Kabir that's the wrong whole I'm sorry and asked her to fix it on the correct one. Soon both of us got wet due to heavy drinks. It took the time to release semen I fulfilled, but she was not till now as I stopped she said once more, once more soon she again started smooching me and hanging my hand to her and started pressing her boobs. Due to her sex influence, I also got again charged and this time filled ovary with semen till both left each other and started breathing heavily.

"You are screaming and saying no no no like that was your first time." I

"Feeling so relaxed; thank you" Alisha

Are you satisfied or do you want to go on one more time?" I

"Kabir, I know your capacity, but it's enough for a week; I am satisfied" Alisha

"Not used protection so take the pill as soon as possible" I

"Otherwise,

I will also be the mother of your child like Shruti?" Alisha

"Yes of course. Now switch off the light, being so tired." I said, and she proceeded to the washroom.

BLACKOUT

At around 5 pm Krunal landed in Pune; he called me many times but due to tiredness in deep nap both didn't hear the ring, so he called Parth; he answered it; Krunal asked him to come to the airport. Parth proceeded for the airport on active till Viman Nagar he was fine but after that due to a massive dose of drugs he got blackout, in this

situation eyes stopped working everything seemed dark. And he was at high speed due to this bike colliding with the divider. His condition was so bad nobody was there to get him up from the road, till half an hour laying on the road; Krunal was continuously calling him. When he came back in a conscious state he asked Krunal to hire a taxi to the mansion.

Early in the morning, we both woke up together watching in my eyes again started kissing. That time she was wearing only a bra and pantie, so I asked her to wear her dress. I got up; unlocked the cell; there were thirty missed calls from Krunal; called him. But Till then he came to the mansion while hiding and seeking Alisha proceeded. I went downstairs and came to know about the whole incident which happened with Parth. he was sleeping and his neck and shoulders were very severely wounded. He needed medication at any cost otherwise due to neck problems he could get in trouble for a lifetime. Without wasting time, I closed the door and went to Krunal's room to ask him to get ready as it was necessary to admit Parth at the hospital. Enter inside the room, put the cell on charging step ahead to the washroom and suddenly the cell rings. I answered it up. It's Shivansh's father calling, I answered, and he started narrating it in a very sad way.

"Both of you come back to Delhi as soon as possible" Shivansh's father

"Okay, uncle but any serious problem. Anything went wrong?" my sixth sense imagined something went wrong.

"Rudra expired," he said and started crying.

I kept silent, my head stopped functioning, my beeping started in my ears and didn't know whether it was a dream or reality.

“Don’t say anything related to this; he won’t be able to bear this shock, and please keep him away from television and cell phone.” Uncle said and ended the call.

Nothing could be recognized as what to do, just got on the couch thinking about Rudra how, what happened. Then suddenly his mind clicked and went to Krunal’s room to ask him to take Parth to the hospital and said this bad news about Shivansh's brother's death and asked him not to discuss this with Shivansh, not even with Parth. Went to Shivansh's room; he was sleeping; took his cell and switched it off. Then after gathering so much courage went near to him and asked him to wake up. I asked him to go to Delhi.

“Sudden! so urgent?” Shivansh

“Daddy’s got heart attack” I lied

“Don’t worry everything will be okay: Shivansh put a hand on my shoulder and consoled me.

“Pack your luggage,” Shivansh told me.

“I have already packed; we are leaving within half an hour” Couldn’t control the tears, so came out.

Back to back Shivansh came out from his room. But watching me crying again consoled, then got me a glass of water.

I told him a lie that my phone was not working, so asked to keep his phone.

In half an hour proceeded for Delhi but before that disclosed the whole truth to Parth again asked Krunal to take Parth to hospital as soon as possible and feed pedigree to Bruno. Soon we reached Delhi

within two hours. Before takeoff I informed driver Mr. Santosh to receive and not to discuss Rudra. We came out and proceeded to Vasant Kunj.

The moment we started the journey from there my heart started beeping very recklessly as moving nearly the condition was getting so worse and worse. But anyhow I managed before one-kilometer; Shivansh asked for his cell without thinking gathering courage handed it to him. He switched to on. He said I was sending a surprise message that is out of the mansion and started sending a surprise message to mummy. As I listened snatch, his cell turned off rapidly, but it's useless. We were 100 meters away from the mansion. For a while, I thought about what I can do and answered it to myself that there is nothing I can do anything so decided to leave this to God. Now we were outside of the mansion watched coming and going peoples in a white dress he got shocked looking at me both got eye contact observing sadness on my face said to whom, what happened and started crying as he was soft-hearted so many times tried to stop him but final time had come to face it so asked to go inside. You lied, you lied two times he said and rushed inside the mansion.

Everybody was in a white dress with tears in eyes, Shivansh was so shocked due to that he was unable to cry. His whole body was stammering before this never saw such type of ambience and not want to see in future. Rudra's body was fully dark, and his head was full of stitches. He did not have so much courage that I can't see helpless parents and him crying so decided to leave for the first time feeling so weak that I couldn't rub the tears of my dearest one. After crying his heart and mind got rest so left him on his way to get free. That's why I haven't condoled nor rubbed tears. Left him on his way. Came home and took out whisky from shelf went to room firstly called Urvashi to get full information but no response then switched on the television and started drinking scotch having two pegs that got me

an insensible condition. Krunal called me and said that Parth has subarachnoid hemorrhages. If next time he is hit by anything, then it will cause a change in serotonin and due to this memory loss or mental disorder would also be possible. We have to disclose this news to his parents. At that time I asked not to disclose to anyone as I was already in stress and asked him to come to Delhi to meet Shivansh for a day.

At last I got up from the couch; a lighted cigarette smoked it but it didn't make me relax then took out cocaine from a travel bag on a hidden pocket locked door, went to the washroom and inhaled it. That made my mind so relaxed as after the head stop working handed cell unlocked there were three miscalls of Nandini ignoring her call. Went to Shivansh's mansion but I was too late. All had proceeded to the cemetery and soon I also proceeded there was a crowd. Shivansh was continuously watching his brother and tears were rolling from his eyes. Finally, at last, his father gave fire and all were starting to proceed back after two hours when fire had calmed down Shivansh's father asked him to move back, but he was not ready to go. His father told me to be with him, everybody had gone, only we two were there. Shivansh was sitting near the burial place, and I was standing away back to him. He was continuously crying, questioning, and requesting him to come back. For the next five hours, he continued sitting in the same position as him. Soon he asked him to go, that moment he hugged me and told me to bring his brother back. As he was already so innocent and this incident made him more.

In the evening Krunal arrived. I asked the driver to go to the airport and receive him. Within hour Krunal came; we hugged each other and proceeded to the guest room where he got fresh, then we moved

to dinner table there I introduce him to mummy and daddy then had dinner together at that day first time saw awareness towards me in my parent's eyes maybe this was the effect of Rudra incident. Daddy handed me the keys of Roop Nagar bungalow as they knew about youngster need space took out useful stuff from room and proceed to Shivansh's mansion there we met him and consoled many time force him to come with us at Roop Nagar but he wanted to spend time with his parents after one hour we proceed to Roop Nagar.

"Who is there with Parth? I asked

"Alisha and one of her friends." Krunal

"So how is Parth, any serious issues?" I

"Not now but if he gets hit again within two years, then it will create a big problem" Krunal

"Don't worry after a month we will contact his parents" I said

"Don't take it lightly it's a very serious issue" Krunal

"Already so depressed. Don't make me more nervous" I replied

"Do you know how this mishap occurred to Shivansh's brother? Krunal

In stoned condition, with a blunt in hand I started narrating the story. Rudra was pursuing travel and tourism from Almighty college of Jaipur all friend was had jovial in nature with bonded unity only one job "joy enjoy" they liked adventure so went to different destinations like climbing hilly mountains, wild jungles night out at some top listed haunted places by government ASI in the month they went to one new destination in month and played so typical off-limits, intricate forbidden games. The game and their rules were such as

that if anybody were loose in a game. That victim has to complete a task given by that group, and it would be accepted and completed by a loser at any cost otherwise he would be out of the game for the next two adventurous trips. This time they went to a new destination at Himachal Pradesh Without informing families bunking college days went for a new adventure trip to climb the mountain they were sixteen in the group, and this one was the twenty-first Journey Of Himachal Pradesh on mountains with one guide and whole camp material with two days meal but on the second day when they were crossing the river at that time the water volume was very low till knees so decided to take bath in fresh Himalayan water kept all luggage aside till two hours continuously enjoyed in the chilled water of river at that time without any signal of alarm and announcement government employees released dam water in a tremendous amount in their happy life suddenly the sad high waves vanished them all were drowned all were feared drowned only one couple were alive because they were on a high both of them saw this whole incident live. Till now both were mentally sick not in a condition to justify anything its national news. Till now rescue guards didn't find out that five more bodies don't know they are dead or alive. Want to find out more browse yahoo you find it on trending now Column.

“Every time they play such adventurous games” Krunal

“Apparently, last time went to Bhangarh Fort” I

Early in the morning, I woke up, went to the restaurant, had tea and samosa in Chandni Chowk then went to India gate to watch it. We two had lunch of chole kulcha with buttermilk. After a heavy meal proceeded to Shivansh's mansion; in the living room, he was sitting on a couch alone, and in deep thought, severe sadness was on face watching as he stood up and asked to take seat his eyes was so

reddish, but anyway controlled tears for a while all were silent then broking silence Shivansh asked.

“So going back to Pune?” Shivansh asked in a sad voice.

“Hmm. But when will you come back?” Krunal

“Need some more time to come out of this. : Shivansh

“Come back soon we are waiting for you” Krunal

I had no words to tell him, maybe he will understand my silence. For a while, we were watching each other's faces slightly smile then hugged bye-bye to each other and first dropped Krunal as Parth was alone in Pune, so we proceeded back.

ROMANTIC MOMENTS

So a miserable week in Delhi on the eighth day proceeded to Pune Krunal came to receive me. On the full route, he was asking about Shivansh and his family, but I kept quite soon reached the mansion like always Parth was dipped in wine. I kept luggage in the room, got fresh then came back downstairs now both were having whiskey with roasted chicken watching me in their room and started forcing me to join. For whiskey, I can't say no. I also joined them; krunal made a large Patiala peg for me. Parth was fully unconscious after some time with Parth. I also slowly sipped and was in the same condition. This was the correct time to disclose the unknown truth of Alisha which I wanted to tell Parth for a long time but did not have so much daring to reveal about the intimate scene.

“Sorry brother, one miss-conduct done by me,” I said in a drunken state.

“You are so dunking; stop here and go to your room” Parth in a drunken state

“i am unconscious; please forgive me” I

“What have you done? Parth

“First, forgive me. Then I will tell you the truth” I

“Okay, I forgive you; now tell me the truth.” Parth

“Alisha and I intimated a night when we came from Mumbai?” I

After a long silence, he suddenly started laughing pointing his finger at me. For a while I thought that listening to this he got totally mad but not like that already he saw Alisha getting out from my room, but Parth was happy that I told him the whole truth happened that night. Disclosing him the truth I was feeling so light-hearted it's like a head and shoulder were free from the burden. After drinking the whole bottle of whiskey, Parth got up from his place and went near Krunal, and asked him to make a spliff but fully unconscious looking like a fluffy. Soon I decided to go out. Parth started the car, handed me a small poly-bag of marijuana, and asked me to make a joint. I started, and he took the car to Alisha's mansion, and there slapped her in front of me. Boom suddenly eyes opened and then realized it just was a dream as I revised to come to know that after coming from Delhi I didn't go downstairs due to tiredness.

In the morning I opened the room door on the balcony. Parth was staring at that girl as she went near the girl, also looking at her and both were speaking their words in gesture. I asked him to take a bath soon and that girl also went inside. after bath went to college but feeling so anomalous, and emptiness due to Rudra's death as Shruti left me and I was missing Shivansh so the terribly whole day was full of tedious at home had some beverage then went theater or pub this

type of schedule was continued two-three days. On the fourth day, Nandini called me to ask to meet at Barista Lavazza at Deccan and luckily on that day hadn't taken any alcoholic beverages but didn't take a bath from the last two days so firstly took a shower put new Dolce & Gabbana blue denim and Versace black t-shirt. She was also looking so cute like a Barbie doll in a ravishing red skirt, her dressing sense was absolutely different from her character from too close watching her face with a smile and charm on it am feeling so good and positive vibes coming out from her. She came near with a shining smile and said hey. With a smile opened the front left door for her. Proceeding to the barista en route she asked to pause Bob Marley's song as in music Indian girls love mostly Bollywood songs everybody's flavor was different.

"You didn't answer my call, not even replied" Nandini while sipping coffee

"Shivansh's elder brother died" I

"So Sorry!! How?" Nandini

" Did you hear about 16 students drowning in Himachal Pradesh? I

"That happened ten days ago." Nandini

"One of them was Shivansh's brother" I

Listening to this she got so sad she didn't ask me any other question related to this because the rest of this everyone knows as its national news till half an hour we discussed our likes & dislikes then proceeded for a long drive on the national highway she continuously watching me. My eyes on the road after a while interrupted her saying what happened? She nodded then turned her face saying you have

such an innocent face. I Laughed and ignored it. Little lovely romantic talks on the whole route spent two hours then dropped her.

Soon late-night phone calls continued and both were enjoying it. Then one day I asked her for the movie after so many tantrums, at last, she got ready. Through book my show book, two tickets of Delhi belly picked her from her apartment at that time she looked so adorable in brown denim and white top with black ankle-high heel boots then proceeded to phoenix mall at Viman Nagar, but in a midway, she demanded to sit on some calm place. So turned the car and took her to a peaceful place on the rooftop of Hotel Radisson Blu.

“What are you looking for?” Nandini

“The one and only one most beautiful girl on earth” I

“To how many girls have you said the same cheap lines? Stop; these are old tricks; many times listened in movies now bored.” Nandini in a naughty way, kabir creates something new.

“Sorry, but really I like you very much” I

“You don’t know about me. Am simple living girl didn’t get in any relation till now” Nandini

“Know each and everything about you; that’s why I am with you” I

“And I know you very well; basically about your past mainly Shruti” Nandini

“It’s true that I am bad but the first time I realized that the journey of searching for a true life partner comes to an end the day I meet you I meet myself” the last line I said with sad eyes.

Again “Such filmy lines! You have to try Bollywood and don’t worry Filmistan studio is near to my residence. Just chill; I am kidding

want to see your reaction towards me what was your reaction arrogance or truthiness' and the devil I see your crystal heart you are so soft from inside and hard from out like coconut" Nandini

"Going through a very critical time after Rudra's death only helps me to come out from this. When I saw your eyes relax. my soul felt calm."

Turned around his face due to watery eyes so wear sunglasses. She saw me in a nervous state. Said it's Okay, calm down you are so strong she said put her hand on mine listening to it, took out sunglasses kept on the table, and started laughing then she also soon both started having her favorite lemon tea looking into each other's eyes. Having it spend some time there then proceeded back to drop her.

After college, hours went to her college at LBS Road. Luckily I reached an exact time when she was coming out as she saw me and thought that I was waiting for her like yesterday; she opened the door and came inside and without any hesitation kissed on my cheeks. I smiled and started watching her innocent face. She was combing her hairs with a hair clip trapping teeth. I moved my hand forward and released it from her mouth. She started staring at me sidelong. Shyly turned his face away. And she naughtily pinched me on the waist. Then I noticed that both started poking each other. Due to laughing in excess, my stomach started paining, and tiny tears of bliss came out. She asked to start the car and reached the hard rock cafe, but now she wanted to spend some quality time at some garden. Girls and their tantrums like small kids. But this confirms that she didn't love a loud place like a pub she liked to garden or fort. So, I turned the car near the Racecourse at Empress Park. First, I found a calm place where no one could come, and only we two were there. Soon I

found a slope. Placed on green grass due to vast trees slightly sun rays were coming to us She was the first who didn't like crowded place pubs, clubs, inhaling exhaling smoke. Calm place, fresh air, the sunset view makes a perfect romantic dwelling till now hadn't found anywhere so much relaxation and peace feeling so energetic and happy. Laydown put head upon my cross hands watching it. She raised her legs then asked to put the head on her thighs as she said I shifted to that position like couples found on the beaches of Mumbai watching in each other's eyes with sweetly and sourly talks. Both were enjoying each and every moment very wonderfully that's was best time and thought this never come to an end till a week every day went to her college and then went to different calm places to be with her is like don't want to know about her but trust her so much to make her happy is my first preference may be in another language it's a love.

On the weekend both buddies went to Goa for a rave party so the whole night they were busy jumping and inhaling other addictive stuff, so after two days they will come back to Pune. Now only I was alone at home, so I decided to call Nandini she got ready, but she asked to receive her; went to her place only we two were there for a while gossip, then she went to the kitchen and decided to cook food as everything was so messed as its guy's place. The first clean platform then came back with onion and potato. Handed and asked me to chop it but till now I hadn't taken the knife in my hands to cut vegetables so didn't know how to chop it. But to help her anyhow started chopping watching it she started laughing. She took it from me and went to the kitchen till half an hour. I played with Bruno and fed him then went to the kitchen where she was preparing Alooparatha watching her felt like she was a part of the family. Her care towards me without any reason made me fall in love with her more. She cooked so deliciously both had it together then in the evening suddenly she asked to go to PC jewelers to buy earrings for

her. Everyone came with their family basically with oldies. Only the two of us were young. Staff welcomed us and asked us to take a seat. Nandini asked to show the latest collection of earrings two employees brought eight cases one by one showed me every pair and asked me to select suddenly my eyes went to the diamond rings looking so beautifully capturing the shining of one diamond attracted my eyes. I asked one of the lady staff to show me. She took it out from the showcase and handed me that ladies' ring perfect for Nandini when she was busy choosing an earring to ask to forward her hand. She nodded and said it's not our ring ceremony then took it out again I took out another again put it she again took out this happened many times the beautiful ladies staff looking this smiled and enjoying the naughtiness. Finally, she purchased earrings. We both went out suddenly, she excused me and went back to take the original bill, and she asked me to take out the car from parking then went back to the showroom and within five minutes came back.

Got it?" I

"Ya of Course" Nandini

"Do you like my choice" I

"No fool, it's the first ring put by you. Memory for me" Nandini

"If you want to put officially then give it to me" I

"Really!! So I am waiting for that moment" Nandini said and gave me the ring.

At Hotel Radisson BLU on pan-Asian specialty, we both were having dinner, but in the middle, unfortunately, Shivansh called on my cell and answered it. He asked to come at the airport soon after dinner and dropped her at her home then proceeded to the airport within

twenty minutes. Shivansh was waiting for me; stopped the car in front of him and came out and both hugged each other then took a seat and proceeded to the mansion. As reached out of the mansion in a gloomy voice he asked to go somewhere out to refresh. I realized that his mood was not good and in calmness, the climate made him more nervous. So he went to a high spirits pub he loves that place so much. I ordered a whiskey and until midnight had it then went to national highway Dhaba for dinner.

A Call from Nandini and I answered it.

“How’s Shivansh” Nandini

“Not so good. Till now he is in shock. Don’t know what to do how to take back him in normal state” I

“With time everything will be fine and soon one day surely will accept the truth and move on.” Nandini

“Feeling so helpless that I can’t do anything for him” I

“I said by some great person time heals all wound” Nandini

“What did you do for the whole day?” I asked

“Went to a movie with the college friends Zindagi Na Milegi Dobara mind refreshing movie (*paisa vasool*) then went shopping. So excellent movie” Nandini

“Okay tomorrow we also go to see,” I said

“You should; it’s so refreshing and why not, it’s Zoya Akhtar movie” Nandini

“So tired I will call you tomorrow. TTYL” I said and ended the call.

In the evening he decided to go to the movies. Maybe after watching it he would feel somewhat relaxed. But no change in a reaction as before, not any smile nor happiness on the face. By the way, the movie was so amazing and outstanding as said by Nandini. As it is his condition was the same not a single percentage of changes were there in his nature that looked so dull and this couldn't be seen by me. At that time I understood that it would take a long time to recover him from that shock, so I never forced him to smile. Many times I called Urvashi and asked her to call him, but Shivansh was not in the mood, so he never answered her call. I thought that maybe he wanted to live alone for some time and it's our priority to give him space.

Late at night during a telephonic conversation, Nandini asked me to go to Spain, and I think so la Tomatina was at the end of the next month till then you were there so that Shivansh's mind got distracted on another side. It was a good idea but before planning, he had to take permission from his mother as she would never say no. Only for formality. After two days I called Shivansh's mother Neetu aunty for permission still sadness was present in her voice. I heard the first time so asked about her health then matching in perfect timing asked for a Spain trip. So Shivansh got a refresh as I thought permission was granted. She asked to take special care of Shivansh. Ending the call, I went to Shivansh's room. Till then both buddies also came from Goa I asked them to join.

“Buddies, we are going to Spain,” I said

“Buddy, be in your (Chaddie) limit” Krunal

“You take ZNMD so serious” Shivansh

“Don't feel lonely. Always with you” Parth supported me.

Within a week our exams will start: krunal
“Airhead, after exams. We are going” I said
“Okay, then I am ready” Krunal
“Dude, you know, in my condition parents will not allow me”
Shivansh
“Already aunty permitted,” I said

The next day sent all passport scan copies with an income tax return, bank statement copy all were sent to Nandini for a visa. As her uncle was in Cox & Kings Mumbai branch and she googled the best places in Spain to make individual customized best tour plans. In the middle of the exam we four had to visit for a Schengen visa in which we can tour the whole of Europe. Arranged documents Went to Mumbai at the visa embassy for an interview, there our visa was granted.

ESPAÑOL

within month Exam finished all arrangements were made by Cox & Kings air ticket, and hotel booking luggage was packed till next two days all were busy in completing their work like converting currency buying apparels, gadget and others, then on Monday night proceeded to Mumbai by car reached Nandini's mansion asked her to take care of Bruno. She dropped us at Mumbai airport at 2 am. Check-in a

business class. Through Lufthansa airlines, with one stop in 14 hours, we reached at Barcelona airport after check out guide came and said Bienvenido means welcome cab already waiting for us we handed luggage to the driver then proceeded to the hotel the view of the entire city was so marvelous neat and clean in one word we can say that it's outstanding. Many tourists were wearing western hats wandering and enjoying the beauty of the entire city. On arrival, at EL Palace Hotel Porter opened the door and we entered and went to the reception. The room already booked Krunal said hola means hello in Spanish then asked for Kabir Malhotra from a beautiful Spanish receptionist. As Krunal had done Spanish classes in school time it was easy for him. After confirming on the computer, she handed keys to Butler and we followed him. Went on the tenth-floor butler opened the door of a luxurious suit. Entered and lay down on the bed for some time everyone was busy watching the outdoor location of the entire city from the window, which was looking like a heaven wide road's historical monuments so clean air with a cool climate. Soon it got fresh, now it's time for planning the whole route so-called butler and asked for a Spain map. Within ten minutes Spain's road map was in our hands.

"So the first destination is Costa Daurada, then Bunol after that Alhambra and Pamplona" Krunal

"Please replace the fort from any other place that saw many in India," Parth said pointing to Alhambra.

"Different from India, of course, you will like it," Shivansh said as he liked the smell of this place.

"Okay, so when we are proceeding for Bunol?, I am so excited for La Tomatina" Parth

"On Tuesday night we were in Bunol; Wednesday we can attend it" I

“Today decided to discover the city on foot so went to Museum Picasso and L'aquarium de Barcelona” Krunal

After having a delicious lunch of famous saucer paella and cream Catalan went to explore the city on foot wearing Capri and t-shirt with classy sunglasses and cap on head, one side bag on the right shoulder we four walked together actually looked like a star cast of a hangover. All were walking in one row discussing the entire city and comparing its neatness with India walking while talking while enjoying different types of drinks and dishes on the street. Reached the medieval part of Barcelona where many types of mansions were converted to the museum. First I went to the Picasso museum. It's named after a famous painter of 20 century Pablo Picasso born in Malaga but shifted to Barcelona. There were many mansions in which you could find different types of expensive and extensive paintings, but we went to the Picasso museum. It has famous paintings by Picasso, but many other unique paintings and sketches were not present there. One of the most extensive collections of artwork for the first time seen by us each was exceptional. So difficult to grade which one is more attractive and its Pablo painting no one can grade it. Keenly watching every artwork then proceeded to El Barrico Gotic, a different part it's an old part of Barcelona with very narrow streets like Mumbai but clean. We can pass through only foot the entire piece which is so beautiful which has church and city halls. Passing it reached Barcelona aquarium but we decided to go to Madrid so skipped it. And chose to go to Park Guell through the city transport and went to that wonderful public park. But it's known for mosaics as a different type of colorful salamander and on a terrace wall. One more ornate tower with white and sky blue color tiles Whole Park was full of different creativity mosaics, and Gaudi House Museum had fantastic architectural elements. It was the right decision to skip the zoo aquarium.

A beautiful evening arrived; felt like in paradise. Enjoying the evening, I went back to the hotel, took a rest for a while then went to the rooftop so it was a nice place with a delightful Spanish dinner of tapas and Escalivada with cava famous Champagne of Spain. So mesmerizing having a delicious dinner went back to suit after a long nap than in early morning got fresh, packed luggage, and had breakfast. Checked out, put all luggage in the car, and finally started a road trip to Costa Dorada. The wide road, less traffic, and a sea viewing sight made the journey so pleasurable within two hours reaching Costa Dorada. Firstly went to the nearest Oliver's restaurant and had a light lunch then proceeded to the beach. Putting steps in golden sand was such an incredible moment soon we three jumped inside the blue sea. Only Shivansh was on the beach as he knew how to swim, but his brother was no more due to drowning so he was scared of water many times and tried to convince him but failed. Leaving him on a way we all lost in the deep sea. Diving without an oxygen cylinder and observing the importance of each breath a moment of calmness and beauty inside the world of blue water so decided this was also experienced by Shivansh as it's so difficult to persuade him but not impossible for Kabir.

After enjoying a dive, out went a diving instructor and asked for a swim kit. On the other side, Parth brought four beers and handed them to us and while convincing Parth to give beer and cigarettes to Shivansh. While smoking and drinking he started thinking and he thought for one hour while having a beer I knew many see-saws were going on his mind and at last he said sorry dude I'm not ready. But we have decided to leave him onshore. We went to enjoy the middle of the ocean.

“What to do? Stay here or proceed to Bunol?” Krunal

It’s night and in an unknown place. It’s not safe” Shivansh

“Within three hours we will be there” Krunal

“Don’t worry with the help of GPS navigator we will be there in a short period” I said to Shivansh

“Am so exhausted possible for me to awake till late night but can’t wake up early morning” Parth

“If at the beginning of morning there was a traffic and due to tiredness we can’t fully enjoy the festival” I

“Okay As you wish” Shivansh

In the evening had dinner then proceeded to Bunol; due to light traffic reached within three hours at 12:30 AM. on route parth book accommodation online. Soon through GPS navigators found Hotel SH Valencia Palace; after formalities went to the room. Due to tiredness Parth ordered whiskey soon but Butler brought Spanish whiskey named DYC; had it while playing poker, then went to bed.

The first day ended in Spain, and now Shivansh felt somewhat good. Parth woke up at 10 am after listening to loud music, parades, drum beats, and fireworks on the street. Stirring all of us woke up. We all were on the window brushing our teeth, putting on dresses, going downstairs at the restaurant, having a light breakfast of churros and Porras. On foot proceeded to Plaza Del Pueblo, a place where the La Tomatina festival was taking place. Passing through narrow streets, All buildings were covered with tarpaulin cloths to cover from the tomatoes. All were already throwing squash tomatoes on each other.

Everyone was so happy and joyous to play it before we entered. Krunal told us some rules and asked strictly to follow them. Soon joined them for some moment feeling somewhat awkward then the game started, we all threw tomatoes on each other soon target Parth; we three started throwing tomatoes on him. Krunal on his face, Shivansh on hips, then on holi impose color like that here on each other's full-body imposing squash tomato by mistake one squashed. I threw on Krunal's private part for a while, he made an oops face and then again started throwing. Nothing was forbidden and isolated. All were friendly, enjoying together whether they were unknown to us or not. In the first-round playing with tomatoes many of them throwing from the terrace and trucks were passing throwing tomatoes all were red and we removed t-shirts got down pushing pulling playing like a small kid then in the second round the siren rang in that through a big water tank sprinkling water to clean it up. The water was coming like a shower we all were dancing and enjoying it.

After La Tomatina back to the hotel took a bath, but till now the sour smell of tomatoes was there in my body. We four were so tired after nap proceeded for dinner. At that time the silence prevailed in the entire city for dinner, we had a red sangria with Spanish ratatouille and salmorejo so delicious. After a superb delicious Spanish dinner, we proceeded back to the room there Parth took out crystal meth. Put it in glass flux and then lighted it for a while. He inhaled smoke and then got on the bed after while he started demanding for a whiskey. Shivansh poured a glass and gave him part of it in one sip.

The second day was over now the third day started and the glory and glow on his face were coming back again and started mingling to everyone with positive vibes. Daytime enjoyment is over now the time for nightlife, and Ibiza is famous for notorious nightlife as the ideal location for the vacation. It is the birthplace of Balearic beat music

and its trance derivative also the famous band Vengaboys song we're going to Ibiza. Famous Pink Floyd song Ibiza bar was from here. Many novels and books were also written on Ibiza. At noon after check out, we went to Valencia port, its half-hour journey by car from there through ferries that reached San Antonio, a part of Ibiza Island. As we got down from ferries, the expression on everyone's face was so different it's just like putting a step into the world where we were not a single sign of sorrow. White chicks on white sand are so wonderful. From the street he hired a cab and asked to take the best hotel to cab drivers of his choice as at this place Travel Company did not book any hotel. At Hard Rock Hotel firstly checked in, then had lunch. In the afternoon after the rest went to Beach, it's full of tourists from different countries who had come to enjoy the nightlife. We decided to have a beer at a beach bar. All four took a seat at the bar. The painting on the wall showed the ancient European culture with a *Besame Mucho Spanish* song playing. Krunal brought beers as he knew Spanish, so he bought every single thing. Till then Parth excused us and went outside without hint why he went out. Ignoring him, we started the conversation on Ibiza with draught beer in hands on a round high table. After twenty minutes Parth came and took the seat and started having beer happiness on his face, looking like he had got some treasure.

“What happened, asshole?” Krunal

“Finally found out nectar ‘dabs” Parth

“What’s this” Shivansh

“Just ask to Master he has so much knowledge, and he can explain in detail” Parth to Shivansh

“It’s just like a part of hash oil and marijuana looks like a wax yellow transparent colour. Through glass flux, it can be inhaled like a bong.

But till now not launched in India available only in western countries" I explained

"If there was a subject of drugs in college then easily you get a good job" (Replied angrily) Shivansh

"Surely you will be gone behind bars. If cops catch you" Krunal to Parth

"Tonight's evidence will be inhaled: no more evidence," Parth said

"Do what you want to do, but keep distance from us" Shivansh

After enjoying the best sunset view in the world went for a clubbing at Club Amnesia this type of club was watched by us the first time everybody was so surprised by the club environment lighting and soundtracks were so different like never heard before. Soon we joined the dance floor and it didn't matter who thought what about us. Here everybody was unknown. Without any shyness started enjoying our desi moves on western track with white chicks. After clubbing proceeded to the beach. On the beach, the crowd was dancing so energetically like they had taken some booster the happiness and excitement were on their face. We are also excited to join them and who don't want to join European best beach party. Parth took out crystal meth, smoked it on the beaker, and remained back on the side bag. Within 2 minutes the reaction of meth was seen on him. He joined the crowd now he also got so energetic. Shivansh got shocked and his face totally faded.

I lit a cigarette filled with meth. Krunal also shared it.

"Three morons" commented Shivansh and went to bar

Until early morning at 5 am three of us continuously danced in different trances. Everyone was so friendly like they knew us from years. Feeling so happily like we were out of this world. Then Krunal went to a bar where Shivansh was enjoying a drink with *Macarena* songs. Everybody assumed that Parth was continuously dancing due

to a heavy dose of meth, but it was not like that. Krunal brought three Estelle beers and handed each.

“Where is that asshole? Shivansh

“Busy, fucking some Russian in hotel” Krunal

“Are you mad, before one hour I saw him dancing with white chicks”
Shivansh to Krunal

“When I didn’t find him then called him at that time, he was unbuttoning that Russian’s denim” Krunal

“Till now he fucked around thirty girls. Don’t know how much he will do more” Shivansh

“I think so in India in every metro city he has two-three girlfriends”
Krunal

Lunch in the sun. The fourth day ended, and now Shivansh looked happy more and more again he started scolding Parth. The way he made fun of him, I think the idea to bring him on normal mode is working after lunch proceeded back for Valencia through ferries the next day after bath and breakfast with chilled beers in hand started the journey for Alhambra. Making fun of Parth on the whole route, rolling and smoking stuff finished the five-hour road trip and finally entered Alhambra, a placid place named by the palace itself Alhambra. An Islamic palace built by the last Muslim empire in Spain called the Nasrid dynasty. But before that, we had to search for a hotel as everyone was so hungry and wanted to take a rest. Krunal takes out his iPhone and starts searching Hotel Casa Morisca on Google map which was already booked by cox and king. The following map finally reached the hotel which was away from the palace with a beautiful view and calm environment. Having a delightful lunch then back to the room all were busy in their work and soon got free till then Parth rolled four joints. Lighting it, he went downstairs also.

Entering at Granada Alhambra place with a little bit stoned by OG afghani weed. Feeling like we came back in the 16th century like the highlight of the Islamic period which represents the epitome culture and civilization of Europe's middle age. Feeling so lucky that we got this opportunity of seeing this beautiful place. The beautiful building, tower, wall, ceiling garden, and mosque attracted us toward them. Without interrupting each other, we all were busy in touch with the feeling of stone carving; Shivansh was feeling the sharpness of the stone on the wall as this is his favorite destination and he loved this type of historical place so left him alone to enjoy that sculpture. Parth's eyes were on the ceiling watching without a single eye blink. Krunal went to a terrace looking down like he was the king of the palace and I was with everyone some time with Shivansh to enjoy a water shower, so some time with Krunal and some time alone feeling the freshness of natural herbal air which came from the backside mountains. So placid it's like we saw it till our soul says yaaaaaaaaaaooohhhoooo.....with up eyebrows.

Nearby palace, there was vast vegetation, and on the backside covered with high mountains, this beautiful view creates the grandeur and splendid views. It took four hours to see the full palace but these hours were not enough to see it. A person can easily spend life in this place then also his desires at living this will not get fulfilled. And at last says yes I wanna take one more birth to live here.

A long nap then the next day proceeded to our next destination which is the center of Spain known as Madrid. It is 430km from Alhambra due to traffic-free and safe roads; it takes only five hours to reach the destination which is impossible in Asian countries. Finally, we were at the hotel Foxa M30 hotel. After having some snacks we went to our suite. It's too hot weather, and only one thing can refresh us from this type of climate: beer. Parth ordered Estella beer which is a

famous brand in Spain. Gossips with buddies and a top-class classy classic beer in hand feeling like the upper part of this world. After having an excellent lunch like Spaghetti Aglio e Olio and paella, a Spanish dish went to the zoo aquarium which is a famous destination of Madrid, the underground glass aquarium has so many species. Till now we only see on the geographic channel the feeling is just like that we are inside the deep ocean. But it's a tunnel where the environment is so pleasant the sun rays were falling on blue water, and this makes a place so awesome. Moving ahead saw a bottlenose dolphin show where these mammals were showing game of passing from a ring. Then watching different animals in the cave, we came out. And went to Grand via taxi, a place which never sleeps; where you can walk on the street that was occupied by several types of restaurants, business markets, and one of the tallest buildings in Europe.

Enjoying a walk on the street, I decided to have a Mexican dish so I went to a gourmet experience restaurant from the 9th floor where you can see the full view of the city. The moments were so wonderful when you were having a best Mexican dish like barbecue, and chiles en nogada with a cocktail in hands on the top floor in the middle of Spain from there you can see full city lights with best buddies on the table. What else you want from life.

Sixth day started; Shivansh now almost recovered 70% today and we are proceeding to his favorite place. Early in the morning, we woke up except Parth; only he stayed at the hotel due to the hangover of last night. We all proceeded to plaza mayor at 1619 a site was used for bullfights many accused heretics met their death there. Three sides of the rectangular plaza area bordered by block-long rows of three-story with a statue in the middle. Till two hours continuously doing a keen observation on the carving on walls and it was possible because one moron was not with us. On Shivansh's request again we

went to a cultural and historical place but this time it was a museum. Prado Museum is one of the world's finest art collections. With more than 7000 works of art representing Spanish culture from the 12th century. Soon with me Krunal also started getting bored, but this is a favorite subject of Shivansh so he was continuously busy watching paintings and it took three hours to go through all the painting. Back to the hotel, when we reached the room. There we caught an unusual smell, somewhat like cannabis. Opened the door; their Parth was taking a long dragged out "cherry kush" weed joint filled with a hash with two unknown females both were Mexican girls. Parth totally out of a state enjoying the trip of another world.

"Meet my new friends" Parth sitting on the bed said in a very polite way. As from birth he is such a sophisticated person.

We hello to each other and shook hands; then we three joined them for two hours. We played cards with rotations of joints and beverages in hands. Soon we decided to go for lunch, so we went downstairs to the restaurant. Just imagine a Spanish dish with Mexican white cheeks and Indian (*desi munda*). After enjoying a pleasant moment back to room pack bags, we checked out and started the journey to my next destination, San Sebastian. At noon 3 pm proceeded for San Sebastian within five hours crossing entire city traffic finally reached Hotel Maria Cristiana near beach la Concha.

"Somebody, give me a beer. I am too tired" Parth

"Asshole, on the whole trip you didn't drive a car so how did you get tired?" Krunal

"No, he has done a big job. Foolish gossiping with that Mexicans" Shivansh

"Did you get intimate with that Mexican?" I to Parth

“When I went downstairs for beer, there she invited me to have fun, so we both intimated then she asked me to join her friend and I okayed, and soon her friend joined us, and we did threesome, and the main thing is that both gave me blowjob can’t explain so enjoyable feeling” Parth

“Krunal says to me that you tasted her pussy.” Poking Parth, I said to irritate him.

“Take my banana on your dick. Surely you will be fine” Parth commented.

“Wait, wait for a while Parth; you have a permanent girlfriend then also you have so much lust that you want another girl every night and at your cousin’s marriage you were caught masturbating.” Shivansh

“How many girls have you fucked up?” Krunal

“Not more than 60 including prostitutes and also including our neighbor Rashmi Kaur” Parth

“When did you do this?” Shivansh

“Second semester and till now ten times she sleeps in night with me” Parth

“How she impressed you. From my point of view, you are *gandu*” Krunal

“One noon in stoned condition enjoying trip of some Bollywood song and dancing on terrace and she became a fan of me, and in our class, I broke virginity of five girls” Parth

“*Apan hi late hi reh gye aur londa na jane kitno pe hill liya*” I told everyone

“*Ram Naam Japna Aur Sara Maal Apna*” Krunal

“Hats off to you; have invested your sperm at the right place Parth.”
Shivansh

“It’s my profession buddy” Parth

“*Saale tujhe itne acche maal kaha se milta hai*” Krunal

“*Abe kya gufa hai koi waha se lata hu.Patane ki kala hai*” Parth to
Krunal

“What you want to do in future, any ambition” Shivansh to Parth

“Want to do a startup & a revolution,” Parth said while rolling.

“Good, I'm impressed by you. Which type of startup” Shivansh asked
to Parth

“First of all, want to legalize weed in India and then launch Marijuana
Mix cigarette want to be Phillip Morris of India and want to enjoy
hash bash, tomorrow land, Ultra Europe this type of festival and last
but not least want to meet Marilyn Manson” Parth

“Priest of Marilyn, no words to describe your thinking hats off.”
Shivansh

once more

On the Seventh Day, it's confirmed that our efforts to make Shivansh
normal from negativity is successful. To swim on a blue water beach
is everybody's dream and nobody wants to skip this so we four were
on the best beach of Europe at La Concha which is protected from
the strong wind by steep Clift and island which is one of the best city
beaches in Europe. The exotic blue, green water attracts us, and we
are also so excited for a jump on it like kids. So leaving Shivansh on
the beach in the shadow of an umbrella we took out t-shirts and went
to the shore, waves of cold water gave a very delightful feeling. Feeling
in us was just like when we had gone for surfing. Soon we went for a
deep surf in the calmest place on the Earth with the thousand types
of unknown species which is beyond our mind.

“Have you seen any change in Shivansh?” I to Krunal

“Yes, there is a significant change in him. He does not look sad like before.” Krunal said and put a hand on my shoulder with a smile.

“Again we have to convince Shivansh for scuba diving.”

“Ask Parth to convince him,” I said

“Then it’s confirmed that he will not come to the beach.” Krunal

“Tomorrow we go for scuba diving; I will convince him” I

After surfing I had a beer on white sand with a beautiful view of the beach then went to a market place, but it’s not that much good like Barcelona and Madrid. Back to the hotel many times I thought to convince him but how no idea soon after lunch I illuminated the topic of scuba diving. At that moment his attitude toward me was so rude like he was never ready for diving but any how I wanted to take him to deplete the scariness inside him. So continuously till three hours requested him and gave many promises and finally agreed on him for diving. Same day Krunal contacted the diving agency and made all arrangements. In the morning went to the beach and the three dive without any costume on the shore.

“Brother, I am so nervous.” Shivansh

“Don’t worry I am with you.” I

“If I am drowned?” Shivansh

“There are oxygen cylinders and instructors also. And I won’t leave you alone.” I said

“No doubt.” Shivansh

In the morning nearly about 11 am went for Concha bay on another side of the beach where a ferry was waiting for us soon put our bag on ferry and the journey started from shore soon we would be at the mid-deep ocean but on the way nervousness were there on

Shivansh's face he asked for an afghani hash joint from Parth and Parth was so happy to share it with him. Parth took out a fresh joint from the cigarette packet. Handed a zippo lighter and joined to Shivansh he lighted and the happiness on the Parth's face was out of this world. Started taking long, long drags which gave a plenty of relaxation to him and then passed it to Parth and like passing to each other without any conversation ended it. Now we were at mid of ocean, time for surf put diving with an oxygen cylinder on back one by one Parth and Krunal got down then I after that asked Shivansh loudly he said (*Jai Shree Ram*) (*har har Mahadev*) and without any hesitation jumped back to him instructor also for Shivansh I left him with an instructor but from the backside, I was watching him.

Entire blue world underwater was so different. Thousands of bubbles of different sizes moving up for getting free from water life, the whole world inside the ocean was fantabulous, so calm, so plenty, I had never seen such peaceful places ever and there were not such like that anywhere else. Hundreds of fishes suddenly changed direction together. All were in a different color like, and variety never was seen before. Their innocent faces and harmless natures give such peace to mind. Thousands of aquatic marine mammals which look like none living but live sustain in them. The bubbles made us realize the importance of every single breath that came out from us and again got mixed with nature. At that moment I was thankful for nature that they give a human birth that has the capacity to think and gives the most beautiful thing that is eyes through which we can see the entire world whether a blue sky or ocean. I felt like every moment was a good gift.

"Thank you for convincing me," Shivansh said while returning back to shore.

"So now you are free from fear!" I said

"Some incidents put a terrible impact on life. But true person is who comes out from this" Shivansh

“You are right. Happy for you; now finally I am seeing my elder brother” I said

“I loved him so much,” Shivansh said, and tears came out.

“Hey, I am also your brother.” I said and hugged him.

Back to Barcelona; the whole night we enjoyed the Spanish traditional dance flamenco with beers and tapas back to the hotel and got on the bed the early morning after breakfast we said goodbye to our second last destination, San Sebastian, and proceeded to Las Ramblas due to hangover nobody was ready to drive, so Parth took a driving seat, and the journey started. We three have no faith in him that he can drive so well. After drinking so heavily he did it beyond our expectations, and this was proof that alcohol did not dominate and make a significant impact on his mind. Soon we reached Barcelona, a place from where the journey started due to pain in the body , firstly had lunch, and went to take rest in the room. Then after five hours I woke up to have coffee and went to the market to see the old Spain in narrow cobbled streets where shops of different antique items and other crafted designer fabrics were out of our interest but Shivansh bought three dresses for Urvashi.

Early morning after breakfast, milk and bread butter proceeded to the best street in the world Las Rambla. Nearest to our hotel so went there on foot. 1.2 km street with six different names after some distance this place was so awesome that Spanish poet Federico Garcia Lorca said about Las Rambla ``it is the only street in the world which I wish would never end” yes something was different on that road every single one of Barcelona’s inhabitants was there with us so relaxing place on both side; there were trees lined boulevard cuts a green line not a very straight one through the city center stretching northwest from Columbus memorial near port. Along with birds, flower markets and some book and newspaper stands as well as

outdoor table's restaurants and cafes. Pavement artists, street musicians, living statues, and impromptu performances all add to its living atmosphere. Soon we reached the last point of a street named Ramble de Santa Monica where we had lunch at the famous restaurant Sangria 46 we had patatas bravas and tortilla Espanola: both were vegetarian dishes made of potato and spinach so fantastic just like Spain. The whole day wandered from busy to narrow streets. At last back to the hotel pack bags; had a delightful dinner and went to the airport. And adios to Spain.

PARTY, FUN, CELEBRATIONS

During packing time in the hotel, Parth found a little quantity of cocaine and hash in his luggage, and legally it is very risky to take drugs and if anyone catches with this type of stuff will definitely go behind bars for a long term, so better to flush or garbage but he thought to use it. After dinner, he smokes hash and inhales cocaine. At that time his condition was very bad; he was not in a condition to

say a single word. Just came in a silent mode. We three were so worried after seeing this type of madness we all thought that it's impossible to go back to India today after watching his tantrums. Shivansh called reception and asked for a taxi to the airport. Went to the airport; took out luggage till then Parth went to a store inside the airport and bought some apples sitting waiting to board soon parth started having apples directly from the mouth one British tourist took a seat next to him. For ten minutes Parth continuously watched him like a tourist had stolen his apple. Didn't know which type of trip he was enjoying a moment both started watching each other, then, Parth offered him his bitten apple.

The tourist replied thank you and said no

Again, Parth offered him with a compliment that an apple a day keeps the doctor away.

Again that tourist said thank you with a smile.

"An apple a day keep doctor soo away," Parth said in an unconscious condition

Then the doctor took out his identity and showed it to Parth and said he was a doctor.

Again Parth repeated the same dialogue and same Apple.

Watching his tantrums Krunal took out a fresh apple and offered it to the doctor.

The doctor accepted it with thanks.

Everyone was so worried how to tackle Parth; he was out of control, but luckily he slept due to heavy dose and tiredness in noon landed at Chhatrapati Shivaji Terminal; as I thought Nandini and Sonali

were there to welcome us we hugged each other then proceeded to parking (excellent job); Krunal said because both came from cars, Sonali in BMW and Nandini in our Mercedes 4matic and Bruno was inside the car. As he saw us, he started barking; we put luggage. Bruno got excited and started climbing on Shivansh.

“So what's today's plan” Nandini

“Nothing; need a long nap,” I said

“You traveled in business class yet looking so tired” Nandini

“Not comfortable on a journey” I

“What about Shivansh?” Nandini

“He is fine now; coming back to life,” I said

“Your result was out last night. Again you topped University” Nandini

“I know I am the best” I

The final year now with a tag of super senior now more junior were our volunteers with the help of them we could do any job. But again that same life that started for two-three days felt so awkward it took some time to adapt to the environment. College, back to home, then, nights on bars or dinner with Nandini. For two months of the same schedule then one day through Krunal's contact we got an invitation for a rave party from his Punjabi friends; it was somewhere near Rajasthan. Both the party and our holiday dates matched its weekend so decided to go. On Friday noon after attending lectures we four including Nandini, Sonali, and Alisha through air went to Delhi. Bruno Krunal asked the watchman to take special care and gave 2000 bucks. It's 5 pm at Delhi domestic airport terminal 3. Shivansh

and my personal drivers were waiting for us. Held on at Dwarka Sector 21, Shivansh's farm house where nobody stays except Shivansh's elder brother for parties purpose after his death now only watchman and chef were staying. it's so fabulous with a pool and different types of outdoor sports facility football field tennis court etc. we all started having drinks on poolside; Shivansh went to jor bagh to pick up Urvashi; soon Shivansh came with Urvashi she was looking gorgeous in dark blue Zara denim with white top we both give each other hi-five as we were classmates from school times then she said hello to everyone and took a seat on a chair near Nandini. After gossiping, we had dinner before taking some rest.

At 11 pm through cars, we started our journey towards Rajasthan through national highway one. My new Porsche Cayenne was driven by Krunal and BMW by Shivansh with us Nandini and Urvashi were also there. Firstly, I went to a liquor shop to buy an individual drink for everyone like Nandini, and Urvashi wanted Bacardi and Alisha absolut vodka. Before proceeding, Sonali asked for rolling papers and cigarettes as she likes to smoke hash, so Parth brought it from the general store. Enjoying the moon-ness night with a speed of 140 km/hr with drinks on hands and sharing cigarettes we crossed approx. 180 km in one and a half hours then suddenly the Krunal's car stopped on the left side in the emergency lane. Watching it, Shivansh also parked the car; we both came out.

“By mistake, the black cat was hit by car” Krunal

“Are you feeling sleepy?” Shivansh

“No, suddenly came in front and it's not possible to stop car” Krunal

“Okay, get back in the car; Sonali said from car

“He feels sleepy, Parth will drive it” I

“No, Sonali will drive if she is comfortable” Krunal

“Definitely, I will drive. Otherwise, Parth will take us to hell” Sonali replied and took a seat.

“What is happening?” Urvashi said from inside car

“Black cat, hit by car” Shivansh

“Is it alive?” Urvashi

“No, I saw blood spots on the left side.” I

“Oh shit.” Nandini

Around 1 pm reached Alwar; the smell of that place was so natural that something marvelous firstly parked the car at some restaurant, then Krunal called his friend and he taught him the full route following Krunal’s car. From dusty roads reached that destination which was covered by mountains; many luxurious cars were outside but no one was thereafter calling Krunal’s friend came out first they both shook hands and hugged each other then went inside the palace which seemed too haunted from outside made from rocks as entering inside. The sound of Dj was clearly heard by us. Through the zigzag way went to the underground basement the environment shocked us. It was like we came to some pub in Las Vegas. Sparkling lights, smoky air filled with many types of drugs everyone was busy on dance steps with others with their drinks. Took a seat on the couch and lit a cigarette and ordered a drink. Girls started smoking hookah which was kept on a glass tea-poi. The dance floor took my attention, which looks somewhat different. Soon I observed that this type of acts only come through drugs without any hesitation asked Krunal and he asked Jaspreet his friend. Then he asked us to follow him. Following him on the left secret canal, we went to a room where

approx. 20 people were busy inhaling cocaine, and many other drugs and others were busy smoking. Watching it, both got shocked back to the place and took a seat. Krunal asked Jaspreet for a personal room with stuff; soon he arranged for us all things. Till then we all were a little bit high except Nandini and Urvashi, they both were smoking hookah and cigarettes. WE transferred to a private room which was so cozy with a crafted ceiling solid wall but the smell was very royal. After a while, someone knocked at our door and handed a white poly pouch filled with a white substance with very little quantity.

“What’s this?” Urvashi

“Salt” Alisha

Ladder to heaven; its cocaine” Sonali

“Fuck off! Now you have started taking drugs” Nandini

“Relax babies; only in parties” Krunal

Crazy Parth snatched a pouch from Krunal and the happiness inside him was just like he got nectar. In excitement, he took out a fresh 50 euro note and a credit card from the wallet. Made two lines of cocaine, rolled the note, and inhaled it. Nandini and Urvashi looking at each other's faces she gets so angry, and others were so shocked after watching it all were just jammed even Parth's next turn was of Krunal with the same trick he also took then I also Sonali and Alisha snorted it. Now only a little quantity of stuff remained; Parth again inhaled and started laughing very loudly then started asking for something but his voice was not coming out, only the lips movement was done. Watching his reaction all started laughing. Feeling so happy with agitation so much that suddenly an energy boost was run inside the body due to high blood pressure.

On the dance floor now we also danced, so the agitated sparkling lights made us so incurious far away from reality in the imaginary world no pain no sorrow only happiness. With the full energetic way, we jumped on the dance floor. The beat of trance made us more dynamic that was out of this world. High so high the extreme feeling of freeness. No traffic, no driving, no sleeping, live it up to the weekend, when DJ played the right song, gonna drink, gonna party all day, party all night. Live life just like a weekend.

It's 4 AM DJ guy announced to go out for an outdoor party out from the palace as the announcement was done we had one more shot on cocaine and went out. The place was totally changed in the middle there was a bonfire with a high sound, and the area was covered with mountains and desert sand on the ground. Everything was in a slow-motion body as well as the mind. The unconscious state with hands in hands came upstairs with an unknown girl named Simmi. Nandani and Urvashi were watching me, but what to do? I am fully loaded. Can't understand what she said. Again the party started, Parth and Krunal were busy with their partners. Shivansh and Urvashi were busy in their conversation. Nandini was watching me. Trance beat created the entire party so elusive environment. Simmi was also out of control. She started smooching me, and I lifted her as she was too short. Then I don't know what happened that night. After the party, we went to a resort due to the heavy dose Urvashi and Shivansh drove us.

In the morning I woke up at 11 am; my whole body was paining so badly I found myself in an unknown place. I was shocked that Nandini was sleeping on the left side of me. She looked so cute, her silky hairs were hiding her face. I put on her ears now she looked

more beautiful. Her calm face made me kiss on her cheek. Without thinking anymore, I kissed her and lay down facing her. Handed her left palm and fixed it with my right palm fingers and suddenly she woke up. With kissing on lips we said good morning to each other and hugged.

“Do you remember about last night?” Nandini

“Shaking my fucking head, total memory loss” I said

“Busy in smooching some unknown girl” Nandini

“What the hell are you talking about?” I

“You should stop taking drugs” Nandini

“I will stop taking one day.” I

“Until alcohol it was good but cocaine and LSD!” Nandini

Nandani advice reminds me of Shruti without thinking about Shruti. Again I hugged her and said sorry and promised to leave this type of stuff soon.

At noon I went to a cafeteria made from wood crafted on the poolside. Everyone seemed hungover except Shivansh and Urvashi. Ordered beverages I took out cigarettes lighted it and started discussing last night. Urvashi strictly warned us, especially me to leave this stuff. Do you want to know what you did last night? Shivansh said. On the second-floor third room you, and till then Parth said okay okay I know it. Anybody else wants to know Shivansh said and everybody kept quiet. I think you didn't know how you came here. It takes one and a half hours to make you sit inside the car. Till I caught one, the other one again came out WTF.

“Okay leave it; calm down,” I said

“So what's today's plan?” Sonali

“Rajasthan is famous for bhangarh haunted fort.” Alisha

“So when are we proceeding there?” Krunal

“Apparently, at night; it's haunted it will be a more adventurous”
Parth

“It's a highly restricted area. No chance to enter.” Shivansh

“According to Archaeological Survey it too dangerous to be there after
6 pm” Urvashi

“Let's go to some coastal place.” Nandini

“Mumbai is safe for that” I

“But it's too rushed. Daman is good nearer to Mumbai on Gujarat
border” Nandini

“I think so; it is the right place” Sonali

“Okay done” Shivansh

Till noon we enjoyed ourselves in the pool, and then after dinner proceeded back to Delhi. In three hours we were at Dwarka Sector 21, Shivansh's farmhouse. It's 2 AM, so the girls went to their rooms. In the living room Shivansh took out Jack Daniels and made four pegs and handed, took a seat on a couch lighted cigarette. Krunal attached his iPhone to the home theatre switched off all light and started high hopes of Pink Floyd it touches your soul back to back listen coming back to life and comfortably numb. Back to back songs

then went to our rooms till then Nandini slept. The next day by air we came back to Pune.

At noon around 5 pm, we started the journey toward Daman through NH 3, it took around four hours to reach Vapi, a place in Gujarat which is known for the highest number of chemical industries. Within 30 minutes we arrived at Nani Daman at the hotel ocean inn near Devka beach. Firstly checked in then went to the backside at the seashore but the water level was down. After having a light dinner we decided to play Teen Patti so went upstairs to Krunal's room where Shivansh distributed cards Sonali crush hash and Alisha rolled it. Lighted it and started playing so wonderful joints on one and other handed cards with a keen observation on everybody's face. What their face tells about their cards it's tough to predict. But you can cheat by putting eyes on the next player beside you. Teen Patti and cheating have their enjoyment when you come to know what types of cards were hidden by the player next to you. And you come to know that his cards were not so good. The ocean of happiness was running in your body Feeling so lucky like a king. Till late night we played cards. In the morning everyone gathered onshore like every time Shivansh sat aside, but this time he was also enjoying the strong wind and the feel of waves that come and touch our feet with tiny particles of sand and again go back that feeling was so amazing. We moved downward now water at our waist everyone was enjoying the high tides with throwing water at each other and taking selfies from different poses. Back to shore took a seat and had coconut water. Due to the sticky feel of salty water and sand, I went to the hotel first to take a bath then had lunch and went to Jampore beach which was in the opposite direction at Moti Daman. It was a place famous for horse riding which was out of our interest, so I took the seat in a shady area near shops to enjoy the fresh air of the sea with Corona beers pints on hand and listening to the fusion song of Avaita and Indian Ocean.

At noon around 6 pm, we proceeded to the jetty beach which was in the middle of the city famous for street food mainly for jetty rolls but we had all types of stuff in every shop for that you had an immune system so strong to try this food. After enjoying the street food buy two full of Jack Daniels whiskey went to the hotel due to tiredness went on our rooms Nandini was also so tired as the open door she got on bed I locked the door switched on the air condition on next to her I also watching on each other's eyes both come closer started smooching but she said no after marriage first girl in my whole life said me, no and this type of behavior of Nandini makes me love to her more and more. Once she told me my virginity is a gift for my husband. Her that sentence made me fall in love with her and respect her, Okay okay I said kissed on her forehead she hugged me. Sweetness in that hug was not in kissing her lips; it gave me so calmness.

At 9:30 pm we went downstairs for dinner, but before that, we wanted to drink so decided to go back to the shore. At that time again the water level was too low and nobody was present there. We all collected wooden stuff for the bonfire and Krunal lighted it. Sonali made pegs. We took each one Parth asked the manager for extra pay for extra service of food at the shore. Soon snacks, ice, and soft drinks were available on one order. In chilling Winter Bonfire and whiskey in hands with your beloved and best buddy's Parth started playing romantic beats guitar he is the best guitarist in university, Quietly we all enjoyed it with full enthusiasm. Everyone was silent, and intoxicated only eyes were saying all things. Nandini's head was on my shoulder, and this feeling made me so responsible for her. Now the moment had come when I was feeling like this is true love. My flower of the heart slowly started blossoming for her. Everything seemed so young like this evening and beauty. My life is just like

shining and twinkling dreams as a fairy tale. All were showing their love to their partner's Urvashi holding Shivansh's hand and on Krunal's shoulder were Sonali's hands.

After two pegs girls were getting high specially Nandini and Urvashi. Alisha took out malana cream from her purse and mixed it with tobacco. now it is my turn as everyone knows from school time I know how to roll perfectly and till now comes in the category of experts even Parth takes lessons from me. At age 16 in Naples, an Italian man taught me the best trick to roll the paper. I passed the blunt to Sonali; she took a burning stick from the bonfire and lighted it like four stock engine intake, and exhausted continuously intakes smoke to light it perfectly, and soon the blunt was full lighted orange, then passed to next in clockwise. I started making more blunt, and one by one made seven blunt and spliff. The third peg and fourth "cali gold" spliff suddenly track change from western to desi 80s of Amitabh Bachan song like *jooma chumma, mehbooba mehbooba* soon I and Krunal joined and both girls Sonali and Nandini started dancing with us; Parth was singing and tuning in guitar. I saw her reaction the first time she was so happy jumping on sand on naked feet. We made one after another peg but only for boys. Except Sonali three of them were too high. It will be hard to handle three of them so I quit drinking and ordered food then started playing on the sand like a slum kid's play throwing sand on each other. Then holding Shivansh's leg trapped him and started trickling on his feet in this play. The culprit laughed so much. One by one with Urvashi and Alisha we did it. Till then the waiter brought soup but the girls were enjoying their dance move on the guitar. We calmly asked our partner to sit and they replied no want to dance more.

After a lovely chicken kebab we decided to play truth, and dare Parth put Tuborg bottle kept in mid and flip melamine tray and started

rotating the bottle it's on Krunal. Nandini gave the option truth or dare; Krunal chose truth.

"Have you ever been intimate with a prostitute without protection?" Sonali asked

"Yaaassssssss" Krunal

Bottle stopped at Nandini

"Are you Virgin?" Alisha asked

"Yaaassssssssss; its gift for my husband" Nandini replied

@ Parth he chose truth in a month. "How many times have you masturbated?" Shivansh

"My sperm does not fall on sewage. It goes on ovary" Parth

@ Sonali she chose dare. "Kiss person opposite to you" Urvashi

Nandini was in front of her. Firstly both hesitated but after forcing both kissed each other lip to lip.

@ Me. I chose the truth. Did you ever get intimate with your friend's partner? Sonali

"After listening to this, I got shocked; didn't know what to say.

"Nooooo" I

@ Shivansh, he chose the truth: "Did you get intimate?" Alisha

"Noooo"

@ Alisha. "A person you want to intimate except Parth." Urvashi

"Ohhhnooo Urvashi, what you have asked sh!t!"

“Kabir is so sexy but fully satisfied with Parth.” After her statement, everybody's eyes were on me.

@ Urvashi, she chose dare. “Smooch half a minute to your partner” Krunal

Urvashi was next to Shivansh. She held his face and started smooching and completed the task.

Everybody thought this couldn't be done by Urvashi, but she did it.

It's 2 PM, so we decided to go back to the room; Due to tiredness and hangover, Nandini put night suite and got on the bed I also changed and lay down on the couch thinking if Alisha told about that night to anyone it will create a big drama then everything will be finished. Due to the stressful night, I didn't sleep. In the early morning wear a costume for swimming. Till half an hour I swam. Suddenly Alisha came to them wearing a swimsuit. She jumped and came near to me.

“That night was awesome. You satisfied me.” Alisha

“Just forget about that fucking night” I

“Only one more time, please I will not tell to anybody specially Nandini and Parth” Alisha

“Are you blackmailing me?” I

“Okay okay, leave it. Let's go down at 12 feet' nobody will see what happens. Just want to kiss you.” Alisha

“Be in your limit. Bloody moron” I

“That night you loved so deeply. Till now you haven't loved Nandini like that.” Alisha

“At that time I was single and drunk. You had taken crystal meth. You forced me and fulfilled your desires” I

“This time also doesn't make it a big deal; fulfill my wish once more; I promise that I will not tell anybody,” Alisha said and hugged from behind.

“Final answer is No; Never Ever; I truly love Nandini” I

“Your friendship, your love, and everything will be over in just a few moments.” Alisha

“You know about me. People say I am another face of the devil and you can't imagine what I will do.” I

“For your kind information, I am a minister's daughter and I know one secret about you, I saw Parth's medical report.” Alisha

“Go to Thailand. Many tourists from across the world will be willing to fulfill your desires, and that night due to you, this happened. If you had gone to Parth's room then nothing would have happened.” I said before coming out of the pool.

“Fuck off you clown psycho,” Alisha said and swam down.

It was noon. After lunch, we proceeded to Pune. On the way, I was under stress. If Alisha told about that night and about Parth's report what will happen? Nandini will leave me. I will become an enemy of Parth and Shivansh; my best buddies will hate me. My mind started finding a perfect solution to overcome from this situation. Don't want to be intimate with Alisha but to keep it a secret. I will have to do it. On the flip side, I don't want to cheat Nandini. Thinking this again and again for a thousand times the headache started. Asked Urvashi to shift in the front seat and I moved to the back to lie on Nandini's lap. Then she started massaging her head with her soft fingers which

relaxed me a lot. I soon went to sleep. Soon we reached Mumbai airport where we dropped Urvashi. Nandini woke me up to say bye-bye to Urvashi. Both of us got out to hug her. After the usual pleasantries, Shivansh dropped her at the departure.

OVERDOSE

The fifth-semester exam date was announced, only two weeks left, but it was not a big issue as every time I topped university. But I had no idea what to do about Alisha, how to solve this problem. If she tells Nandini about that night or Parth's friendship and relationship, everything will be ruined when-when recalling about her wording suddenly a headache started. I thought about it for a long time but couldn't find any solution. Due to this, I started drinking till late at night at various pubs outside the city at Mumbai Pune Expressway. Till some days Shivansh noticed my irritating behavior and bad condition. Then one day after college hours he asked to sit together. So both went to his favorite place at Hotel JW Marriott in bar 101, a calmest and comfortable place in the center of the city. He ordered two nips of Jack Daniel, my favorite brand then took out a full 20 cigarettes pack of classic Marlboro lighted it from a zippo lighter inhaled deeply then forcibly exhaled it from the mouth with eyes on me. He asked what happened.

“Nothing, everything is fine,” I replied without any hesitation.
on my forehead the word ‘*chutiya*’ written in bold letters?” He asked in a very placid way.

“Made a huge mistake,” I said

“Stop this girlish nonsense and melodramas,” Shivansh said angrily
“A year back I was intimate with Alisha and don’t know how she found Parth’s medical report now she is blackmailing me. A week ago in Daman, she forced me to share a bed.”

Shivansh took a full peg long puff of a cigarette and started thinking.
Tell me everything; we will find a solution.” Shivansh

A year back I was in a drunk condition when we came back from Mumbai; on that night Alisha came to our mansion; she had taken crystal meth. I opened the krunal room for her and came back to my room; after she came back to my room scared she convinced me to sleep in my room then what happened you can easily guess. Parth's mishap also happened on the same night. Neither he nor his parents know about it." I finished talking

"So now she is blackmailing you, right?" Shivansh asked

"I love Nandini very much; don't want to lose her" I

"Nandini knows about this." Shivansh

"I have not so much courage to tell her the truth," I replied

"Mr. Kabir, it's your past. If you truly love Nandini, tell her everything" Shivansh advised like a professional advisor.

"It's not a big issue because it's your past. Before Alisha spread this news, she told everything to Nandini. From others, it creates a big problem but if you will tell her it shows royalty." Shivansh

"And, what about Parth?" I suddenly asked

Don't worry, Alisha will never tell this to Parth; if she tells this to him he will kill her. It's her fault, not yours" and about the medical report, this accident was done by default you have not done it. Shivansh

"Thanks," I replied

"It's my business, no thanks needed in my profession" Shivansh

"Don't worry; I will pay," I said

"Fuck off. I am not that roadside advisor to whom you can adjust to drinks and meals. Two lacks cash or check it's up to you and 50% off only for you." Shivansh

“Taste my pecker; it’s free.” I

“Dumbass,” Shivansh replied and showed a middle figure.

After sharing a problem with the best buddy that evening became so wonderful, we drank then proceeded to the food court for dinner at that time Shivansh reminded me once again to share this topic with Nandini. The next day I casually called her and asked to meet at barista Koregaon Park, as usual, she was ready every time to meet me for her being like her life. At noontime as every time, she was already there waiting for me, with a coffee mug on the table without having a single sip. She ordered but didn’t take it without me. Soon I also brought one on the counter then took a seat in front of her; she looked so fantabulous in black Gucci denim and light pink top.

“Again late.” Nandini

“Sorry babes, I apologize. So much rush.” I

It doesn’t matter. By the way, where have you been all these days?”
Nandini

“Exam preparations: project and all that stuff,” I replied

“So anything special about this noon?” Nandini

“Want to tell you one truth,” I said; we both took a sip of the coffee.

“Tell me what you want.” Nandini

“With watering eyes made eye contact. I told her how Alisha was blackmailing me. Like every girl firstly for some moment, she got angry but then cooled down.

I don’t worry about your past, so now I don’t want any explanation”
Nandini said.

“Thank you for being kind,” I replied

“I can easily see the love for me in your eyes,” Nandini replied with a smile. I was happy.

From the next day officially started exam preparations like every time we both did it in our way. Till one week I cut off all contact from the external world; put the mobile on airplane mode. No hard drink only cigarettes like that I completed the full course by giving eighteen hours a day. Before two days of the exam, again both Krunal and Parth came to me and asked to teach them as if anybody politely asked me something I can’t say no. So for the next two days, I continuously taught them. Through this, my course again fully revised. It was so helpful for me. Exams started for the next two weeks. We all were so busy in preparation at that period Nandini also went to Mumbai to spend leisure time with family so that my mind was not distracted from studies.

Party time; out from the cage; free to fly.

This type of feeling was at a school time, but in college, it’s not so joyful but okay. Ping everyone on WhatsApp to meet at the mansion. From there proceeded to area 51 a revolving lounge at Baner Road which looks like a UFO spaceship. Through stag entry, we entered the lounge. Too much crowd as university exams were finished and it’s the best place to chill out for some time we sat on a couch and discussed past days a casual talk then started having drinks; Parth took out rolling papers and started crushing weed. With Krunal.

“Taza Khabar; today one more neighbor left their residence due to us.” Shivansh

Now four bungalows are free for us; from tomorrow girls will also shift into our neighborhood.” Parth

“Stop kidding dude; it's serious soon four of them will sue us.” Krunal

“We will hire Kabir’s father to fight our case then four bungalows will be our property.” Parth

“Today daddy called me regarding this matter. Every time you morons listen to the song on loud volume and ultimately you bring a console amplifier now full mansion is like a pub. We listen to songs till late at night, unusual activities. It's ordinary every day two-three new guests come to our mansion.” Shivansh

“Soon there will be news due to four anti-social elements in Koregaon Park in scheme 54 GH 46 makes Life miserable for their neighbors.” Krunal

“From tomorrow no more antisocial activities.” Shivansh

After having drinks, moving to the dance floor, laser lights, smokes, and the bass make the environment so beautiful that we couldn't stop ourselves from dancing. One after another we have tasted every flavor of tequila. But without weed it was so empty just like we are missing something with Krunal I went to Parth; he was sitting on a couch unconsciously fully dull his eyes were open but looking somewhere else. Krunal asked for weed. He took out a spliff from his shirt pocket and handed it to me. Lighted it and took a long puff then released it. The feeling was out of this world. Soon we both were also utterly dull. But it tastes so herbal and feels so hard.

“It tastes somewhat different.” Krunal

“Why not, it costs 1000 bucks.” Parth

“What have you added to it?” I

“Tobacco, weed, hash, dabs, and crystal meth all in one.” Parth

“Fuckup moron, why did you add that fucking chemical stuff?”
Krunal got shocked while listening to these words.

“Now you will feel like on the top of the world.” Parth

“*Bhai Kuch Alag hi trip de rahi hai.*” Krunal to me.

“We have to go back; it’s totally out of control. I can’t handle it.” I said.
and we proceed back to home.

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Reimagining our old days with the best buddies makes us smile and gives plenty of happiness. The same type of time we spent one day at noon. Shivansh came to my room. He asked me to go to bar 101, but I got so bored and asked for a new place; he suggested a yolo gastro bar; as he told me, a smile appeared on my face; I put on denim and t-shirt and went downstairs. Took a seat in the car and went to a bar. Took a seat, ordered Bombay Sapphire, and dry chili mushroom in snacks than with drink suddenly through one topic conversation on childhood day’s school time started. Paper boats on the rainy water, paper planes, at class hours, and exchanging lunch. Crazy about Marvel comics, jungle books, Scooby doo, and tattoos. All such things make us smile and give a positive feeling which we can’t get in any other else. This type of time we spent in different places some time at 11 East Street café so next to hard rock café. Suddenly on that day, he asked about Nandini.

“Do you love her truly?” Shivansh

“Ohh Nandini!! Yass I like her very much.” I

“I saw true love for you in her eyes. Like Urvashi loves me.” Shivansh

“I know that’s why I told her everything about the past.” I

“So after six months what’s your plan?” Shivansh

Not yet decided. What about you?” I

“Masters from the USA then start up my own business.” Shivansh

“So only for six months, you are with me.” I

“Only for two years away from you and for a lifetime with you when you miss me; it's only a 22-hour journey.” Shivansh

“Please leave this topic, otherwise I will get emotional.” I to Shivansh

“Not yet decided but want to live a simple arrogant free life; want to wander on busy streets with your travel on bus, train in simple language, want to live a normal man’s life bored so much fed-up from this illusionist world, and want to know self.” I

“Self-realization! Wow, I saw a real Kabir in you.” Shivansh

And this simple normal life wants to enjoy you like drinking beer on the street, having dinner on Dhaba, watching Tom and Jerry like that.” I

“Don’t worry, we will live this type of life and fulfill your wish,” Shivansh said and put a hand on my shoulder.

“And last but not least, tomorrow land.” I

“Obviously; *yeh koi kehne ki Baat hai?*” Shivansh replied and laughed.

One morning Parth knocked on the door; it looked like he had been knocking for some time.

As I opened the door he looked at me with a worried expression on his face. Asking me to come down he rushed down. Shivansh was sitting on the couch with an anxious expression on his face. I looked at my mobile; there were sixteen missed calls from Nandini. I had a feeling that something was wrong. I looked at Shivansh and asked him what the matter was. He said that someone had leaked an MMS of Krunal and Sonali in a compromising posture. Both of them were at the police station.

“Stop kidding; I am not in the mood for jokes,” I said

Parth said in a very serious and solemn tone, “Both of them got intimate at the college library, and someone took a video of it.”

Now I knew that things were serious. I also knew that I had to deal with this in a very cautious way.

“Okay, let us go to the police station; first we have to get them out on bail,” I said calmly.

Shivansh said in a relieved way, “I knew you could deal with this in the best possible way.”

How do we take both of them out of this?” Parth wondered.

“Don’t worry; I will call Dad’s assistant; he will arrange everything,” I said

First, we went to Nandini’s house to pick her up, then called sharma ji, daddy’s assistant, and told him the whole thing. He asked me for the location of the police station before calming me down and telling

me not to worry about anything. By the time we reached the police station, Krunal and Sonali had already got bail. I watched feebly as both of them stood outside the police station, Sonali's eyes brimming with tears. As she was a famous model, the media was there in full strength and everyone was trying to get to her. Immediately we all moved in and surrounded Sonali to protect her from the media; Nandini was inside the car and as soon as Sonali got in she took her in the arms and consoled her, but Sonali was far from consoled and was crying like a small child. Soon we reached home and Nandini took Sonali to our room.

Turning to Krunal Shivansh asked exasperatedly, "Where did you do this thoughtless and crazy thing?"

"College library; she had come to meet me," Krunal said meekly, his eyes downcast.

"We have such a big mansion; you could have waited for a little," I said unsympathetically

"Who uploaded the video, any idea?" Parth asked

Krunal shook the head, "Absolutely no idea; Sonali sent it to me on Whatsapp, and sometime later the police came to take me."

"Tell our all guys to find out the culprit," I said

Shivansh once again turned to Krunal, "Did you see it; was it filmed on mobile?"

"I don't think there was any CCTV camera there," Krunal said weakly.

"Bullshit!!! You have spoiled her life." I said furiously.

Shivansh was thinking, "It looks like the work of an expert in mobiles and such apps." He said thoughtfully.

After an hour of discussion, Krunal went upstairs to my room. Sonali was sitting on the bed, a blanket covering her. Krunal went near her and started to console her.

“Jisne Bhi aisa karam hai usko maaf mat karna; they have spoiled my life.” Sonali said, still in a state of shock and bafflement.

“Don’t worry; whoever has done it will pay for it. I will find the person.” Krunal paused for a few seconds before continuing, “India is a developing country. In a month everyone will forget this.” Once again he paused before asking, “Do you want anything, a cup of tea?”

Sonali nodded. It took some time for her to calm herself, and by evening she seemed okay. After thanking us for everything she left for her house.

The next two days were hectic as I went from one Newspaper office to another, paying huge amounts to editors and reporters so that they wouldn't publish reports about this in their newspapers. After all, Sonali was a famous model and Krunal ex-president of the university and the news was hot.

On the third day, Krunal came to our house and said Sonali was not picking up his calls. He looked really worried and in a mess. After asking him to calm down I called her number but got no answer. I also tried some of her friends before calling Nandini and Alisha. Nobody had any idea where she was, so we decided to go to her house.

At her house, we tried the doorbell many times but got no response. Krunal tried her number and we could hear the ring from inside the house. Instantly I knew that the situation was serious. Krunal wanted to break open the door, but I knew that it would create more serious problems. After gesturing Shivansh to take away Krunal I called the police. Within a few minutes, an inspector and two

constables reached the place. After questioning us for a few minutes they broke open the door.

As the door got opened Shivansh and Krunal too reached there and together we entered the house. The smell that we encountered was so nauseating and shocking that it is not possible to explain it in words. The mobile lying on the couch had more than 150 missed calls, but there wasn't anyone around. The policemen are experts who realized that something horrible had happened and spread to various parts of the house. Soon we heard the voice of a constable from near one of the bathrooms.

“Saab yaha pe ladies ki body hai.”

As we followed the sub-inspector towards the bathroom the offensive smell grew stronger and stronger.

There, outside the bathroom we saw her body, lying fully stretched with open eyes, and froth all around the mouth. Suppressing my emotions, I asked Parth to take Shivansh and Krunal downstairs, so that they won't see the state of the body. I took out a bedsheets and covered her almost naked body.

The inspector called for the ambulance and asked us to stay back for investigation. As I came down I could see Krunal screaming like a madman. Ignoring him I called Sonali's cousin and asked her to inform her parents about the tragedy.

before the ambulance took away the body for post mortem. Parth completed all the formalities, and together we headed back to our house. Parth called Nandini and Alisha and asked them to come to the house. They too reached our home and we sat around not uttering a word.

“Why are you so dull like a donkey?” Alisha asked Parth

Parth said slowly, “Sonali is no more.”

Nandini was furious because she was unaware of Sonali's demise, "are you mad, keep your mouth shut; this is not funny."

"Stay calm: it is true; Sonali is no more," I said, my voice quivering a bit.

"Her body is in hospital for a postmortem," Shivansh added.

In the evening there was a call from the police station. They wanted to record our statements. All of us went to the police station where the police took our statements. Sonali's parents too were there. Her mother slapped Krunal hard and uttered a few obscenities. Krunal was crying like a child.

According to the postmortem report, she had died due to an overdose of alcohol and cocaine. As there was nothing more to be done at the police station we returned to our house where we spent the rest of the evening and night in the hall without saying anything, absorbed in our private thoughts.

"They are taking her body to Rohtak," Krunal said dejectedly.

Nandini was weeping broken-heartedly, "I want to see her once more; please, someone take me there."

"I will take you," I assured her.

I looked around at everybody and said gently, "Everybody goes back to your homes for a couple of days. Krunal and I are going to Rohtak for the funeral."

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In the early morning around 6, we reached the hospital for the last visit. The entire atmosphere was so sad; everyone looked utterly miserable; some were crying while the others tried to hide the tears.

Sonali's body had turned black but the innocent face and beautiful moments we spent with her were still in our eyes and that was her last image we captured in our hearts.

Even though I had asked everyone to go home, none was willing; they all wanted to attend the funeral, so we reached Rohtak the final rites of our dear friend. Sonali's mother was devastated at the crematorium; Nandini and Alisha tried their best to console her but one could see that it was a futile effort. After her body was consumed by the fire, everyone left the crematorium except Krunal, who sat there near the funeral pyre, a dazed look on his face. Silently we sat on the concrete bench waiting for him to come out of his grief and anguish.

REVENGE

Almost two weeks passed and we returned to Pune. The pain and rage had not subsided and we were itching to find the culprit behind the MMS. Krunal was almost going mad with the spirit of revenge, and we had a hard time controlling him. I told him to calm down and assured him we would get the culprit sooner or later.

Shivansh and I made many visits to the library and studied all the angles of the cameras that were fitted there. During our investigations, we found out that one Dayaram Ghate was in charge of the storeroom which was adjacent to the library. all the college internal CCTV network was in this man's hand.

Without telling anyone we gathered all information about him through our juniors and various other sources.

I decided to move cautiously, not giving any chance to the culprit to escape our net. Through our political connections, we got an appointment with the City Police Commissioner and requested him to give us a free hand for a few hours. Reluctantly, he agreed and promised no policemen will stop us from making the necessary inquiries.

The next day around noon we reached the CCTV data room where two people were talking in a hushed voice. Silently the four of us entered the room before locking it from inside. A few of our juniors were keeping watch from outside.

Looking at us Dayaram asked in a furious voice, "Who are you to enter without permission?"

“Tere Baap log aaye hai; tameez se bol beta.” Parth said.

I looked at the other person in the room and asked him in a steely voice to sit quietly. I also warned him to keep mum about this visit.

From the corner of my eyes, I saw Krunal proceeding towards Dayaram. Before I could interfere Krunal slapped him hard. It was almost a dozen hard slaps before Krunal stopped, his breath coming out in a gush.

Shivansh was more reasonable, “Ask him, maybe he is not the culprit.”

But Krunal was adamant, “He is the culprit; I am damn sure.”

Turning to Dayaram Krunal said in a fuming voice, “Look at me and see what you have done.”

“Sir, sir; sir, I haven’t done anything. I don’t know what you are talking about.” Dayaram said, his voice shaking in terror.

Krunal slapped him hard before saying, “That MMS you made ruined my life; it killed an innocent girl. Tell me the whole truth before I kill you.”

Dayaram was blabbering, “Which MMS; which video, I don’t know anything.”

Parth took out the revolver and put it on Dayaram’s head; Krunal continued beating him till his cheeks turned totally red, but there was no positive response from Dayaram. He kept on repeating that he was innocent and didn’t have any clue about the incident. Watching all these, the other man in the room started weeping like a small boy.

Turning to him I said, "Stop crying like a boy; we won't harm you." Pausing for a few seconds I continued as an afterthought, "Ah, one more thing: don't go to the police and talk anything about this. It will only bring you trouble."

Krunal looked at me for a few seconds before saying, "Let's take him somewhere; he will not open his mouth here."

Parth turned to Dayaram, "We are taking you out; no tricks, remember I have the revolver ready. Now, wipe your tears and cooperate with us."

It took us many anxious minutes and challenging efforts to lead him through the college premises. Eventually, we reached our home with Dayaram, and there Krunal continued the third-degree torture. In the evening Parth made him make a call to his house telling his family that he won't be returning for three days due to some sudden engagement outside the city

All of us took turns to question him. In spite of the severe torture, starvation, and strict questioning he kept on repeating the same thing that he was innocent. Only one sentence came out of his mouth: "Sir, please leave me; I don't know anything." On the third day, we decided he was not the culprit and decided to let him go.

But before we could let him go, a police van stopped at our gate. The watchman tried to stop the constable but the constable gave him a hard slap before forcefully opening the gate to enter the premises.

I was a little apprehensive; coming out into the lawn I asked the Inspector who too had entered the premises, "What happened sir, anything wrong?"

"Nothing; just a casual inspection," The Inspector said.

Krunal sounded angry, "This is my house; ask him to stop there."

The Inspector looked at us with stern eyes, “I have got information that you have kidnapped someone.”

“Do you have a search warrant?” I asked slowly.

The Inspector shook his head, “I don’t need one, and I am going to search your place.”

Krunal was still furious and said in an arrogant tone, “You seem to have an attitude due to this brown uniform.”

The Inspector was equally furious, “Keep your dirty mouth shut, or else I will throw you in the cell.”

The situation was getting serious and I looked for ways to get out of this fix. Turning to Shivansh, I nodded my head. Soon he called the Police Commissioner. As I stood there uneasily, the Inspector’s mobile rang.

We could hear him blubbering into the phone, “Yes sir, yes sir, okay sir, as you wish, sir.”

By then one of the constables had found Dayaram in the toilet and shouted to the Inspector. But the Inspector told him to come back. Soon they left the premises without looking at us.

Krunal ran after the Inspector, “Wait for a second; could you please tell us who gave you this information?”

“Abhinandan, dayaram’s colleague” The Inspector replied timidly before climbing onto his jeep.

Krunal couldn’t control himself and shouted after the speeding jeep, “You don’t know who I am; don’t come back here.”

Shivansh was more reasonable and practical, “Dude, why to get angry with the Inspector; he is only doing his duty.” Pausing a while he continued, “I know your state of mind, but have patience, something will work out.”

Parth turned to Dayaram, “Who is this Abhinandan?”

“The man who was in my office that day,” Dayaram said in a resigned tone.

Krunal was thinking and turned to Dayaram, “get us that fellow and we will let you go.”

“Sir, sir, he is a good boy, please don’t do anything to him,” Dayaram said weakly.

Parth slapped him hard, “We didn’t ask for your opinion; just get him for us.”

Shivansh came near and told Dayaram, “Call him and ask him to meet you at Baner Road.”

It took us almost three hours to catch him and bring him to the house. This time we asked the watchman to keep the gate locked and inform us if anyone came. Krunal asked me to see whether the Inspector could be transferred to some other locality as he was still worried about the officer. I called the Commissioner and requested him to transfer the Inspector from that area.

We didn’t lose any time to start questioning Abhinandan.

I came near him and asked, “Tell us, who made and released that video?”

He was scared and said, his voice shaking slightly, “Sir, I don’t know anything about the video; I am innocent.”

Krunal was getting jittery, “I haven’t slept for three days and I am going mad; please man, tell us the truth.”

Now it was Parth's turn. He came near the frightened man and asked slowly, "Have you any idea about the third-degree torture in police stations?"

I said, sniggering aggressively, "You informed the police, so you deserve to have a taste of it."

Krunal said, "We will start with electric shock, and I know the exact organ where it will be most effective."

Dayaram turned to Abhinandan and said in a pleading tone, "Please tell them everything you know; these people are so dangerous and influential that even police won't help us."

Krunal was getting psycho, "Call me devil if you want but I will pull out your every organ from the body if he doesn't tell us what we want to know."

Now Abhinandan was too frightened to resist, "Okay sir, I will talk, but please give me some water."

"Chotu." Shivansh called out.

Taking long gulps, Abhinandan finished the glass and kept it on the floor. Looking around with scared eyes he began, "About a month ago, Dayaram was on leave due to his sister's marriage and I was in charge of the CCTV cameras." He stopped for a moment to catch his breath, and then continued, "It was around 12 noon, on that day. I was sitting alone in my room when two youths barged in. First, they slapped me hard and told me to sit quietly. They took charge of the CCTV cameras. I was not exactly sure what was happening but, through their utterings, got an inkling that someone was having sex in the library. After enjoying the scene for some time, they took the

data in a pen drive. Telling me that they would kill me if I said anything about this, they left the room.”

“Do you know the name of those guys?” Shivansh asked in a preoccupied mood

Abhinandan hesitated for a second before saying, “Both of them were Biharis; one’s name was Ranvir Pathak.”

Shivansh looked up sharply, “Are you sure Ranvir Pathak was there?”

“Yes sir; I am pretty sure; both of them were speaking the Bihari language.” He replied

It took us some time to digest the fact. Looking at one another we stood there for a considerable time. Then, Shivansh untied the two guys and asked them to go. From the moment he heard that Ranvir was the main culprit, Krunal was getting really wild. As he rushed towards his car, we stopped him and brought him back to the house, telling him, again and again, to calm down.

With a drink in the hand, Shivansh approached and made him sit on the nearby couch, “Look Krunal, we must plan everything; you can’t just barge into his place and take him on; it would be too risky. Finish the drink and we will plan everything.”

I was thinking, and Parth turned to Krunal, “Didn’t you tell me once that your father has good connections in the Narcotics Department?”

Krunal looked up at me and nodded his head, “Yeah, the Narcotics head is dad’s best buddy.”

Parth was nodding his head, so I asked him what the matter was.

“Half a kilo of cocaine will do the trick, yes, yes...” Parth was blabbering.

“What is it, man? Half a kilo of cocaine! Are you planning to give the bastards a return gift?” Shivansh asked irritably.

“Just wait and watch.”Parth was as cool as a cucumber,

I knew that his devilish mind was planning something terrible for the culprits; turning to everyone I said in a sober voice, “Okay, let us all have a good night’s sleep; tomorrow is judgment day.”

We all got busy in the morning; Parth went to arrange the cocaine; Krunal had a talk with his father about the Narcotics cop; Shivansh was taking care of the administrative matters, and I got busy locating the two Biharis. It took some time and effort but finally, we got the address of their then. I called some local goons who would do anything for a few thousand bucks and asked them to meet me.

The next step was to bring them out of their comfort zone, so we made Abhinandan make a call to them. I asked to tell them that another couple was in the library, getting cozy, and if they wanted some fun they could come to the library. As expected they took the bait and started towards the college on a bike. We and the four goons were waiting with three cars that we used to block their way. From there on it wasn’t a big deal bringing them to our hideout: the local goons we had hired were experts in such matters.

The hideout we had chosen with some help from the goons arranged a small cottage on the outskirts. As we entered the two were on wooden chairs tied to them with thick plastic ropes. I turned to the goons and nodded; they had done an excellent job. I told krunal to give them a hefty tip along with their fees.

Before anyone knew what was happening Krunal picked up a heavy iron rod and smashed it on Pathak's knee. His screams reverberated in the room and I bit the lips. Shivansh intervened and snatched the rod from Krunal's hands.

"We want to know the whole story; don't kill him before that," Shivansh told Krunal.

"So now you are releasing blue movies, Yeah?" Parth hissed.

"Sir, somebody has given you the wrong information; we didn't do anything," Pathak said.

Krunal was gone too mad even for some time and I also got scared. He picked up the iron rod and crashed it a couple of times more on Pathak's legs. The man started howling like a jackal, and even we were slightly taken aback. Shivansh left the room as it was clear that he detested such brutalities.

Krunal turned to the other man, "What is your name, why did you take that video? Only say the truth, or else you will never stand in your whole life."

He watched the iron rod in Krunal's right hand and said, his voice quivering heavily, "Amit Mishra, and sir, I didn't make any video; please don't harm me."

Krunal shook the head ruefully before smashing the rod on his thighs. The yell from the man was too pathetic and horrible.

Krunal sneered, "Yell as much as you want; no one will hear."

Krunal turned to the goons, "Tie them tighter and bring the electric wire. Let us see whether that can determine how much the watts."

Pathak was pleading, "Krunal, I didn't do anything, please..."

Krunal put a finger to the lips and said in a soft voice, “Only the truth...just the truth and nothing else.”

Pathak didn’t see Parth coming from behind with a live wire. He wailed and moaned like a beaten puppy.

Pathak was not made to withstand the electric shock, so screamed that he would spill out everything.

It took some time for him to spill out everything. They had made and released the video to take revenge for spoiling his election results.

He started crying, “I am sorry, but I couldn’t help it. We made the video; you kidnapped and tortured us; now everything is even; please let us go. We will leave the college forever and go back to Bihar, never to return”

Parth was sarcastic, “No, please don’t leave the college; you have a bright future as a film director and producer.” asking this started laughing.

Krunal gave a good dose of electric shock to the other man before asking, “And, Mishraji, what do you want to become, Producer or Director?”

Pathak was begging, “Please, we apologize for everything; please let us go.”

Krunal turned to him, “I don’t want your apology, but Sonali wants it.”

Pathak’s face lit up, “Sure, I will touch her feet and apologize.” Pathak

Krunal looked at him for some time before saying dejectedly, “She is no more; if you want to apologize to her you must die and go to her.”

The memories of Sonali made Krunal madder and he put the electric wire to their bodies and kept it there. We knew that they would die if

this was continued, so with some effort constrained Krunal and dragged him away from them.

Turning to them Shivansh said, “Okay, we will release you tomorrow, but don’t repeat such things.”

They were too relieved to think that anything was missing, so said eagerly, “” Yes, yes, we will never again do such things; we are really sorry for that.”

Shivansh just nodded his head.

Around 11 am we released them. This was not known by them. We put 500 gms of heroin and 500 gms of cocaine in the box of the bike that was earlier stolen by the goons and gave it to them. We told them that their bike was parked at Shivaji Nagar and asked them to leave this bike there.

As soon as they left we called the local police station and narcotic department and informed them that two criminals were speeding towards Shivaji Nagar on a black bike with cocaine and heroin.

It was almost evening when we reached our house. Too exhausted for anything we straightaway went to our beds.

The headlines on the next day were about two Biharis who were caught with drugs that were being ferried in a stolen bike. The case dragged on for almost 6 months but ultimately they got 20 years in prison, which was just enough to mollify us, especially Krunal.

I turned to Krunal, “Are you happy now?”

He shook the head, “I am to be blamed; I was too foolish and careless.” He took a deep sigh before continuing, “She is gone forever, all because of me.”

Shivansh tried to console him, "There is nothing you can do now; her memories will always be with us, but for now you have a life to live."

For a change Parth was philosophical, "Learn from the mistake, but don't let it spoil your life."

Krunal turned to me with admiration in his eyes, "You did a wonderful job; simply superb."

"Buddy, he is an expert in such things," Shivansh said.

"Thank you all for what you did for Sonali and me," Krunal said in a thankful voice.

I chuckled good-naturedly, "Who wants thanks, give us 50 Lakhs, in cash or by cheque."

Krunal laughed out, "Cash... Cheque...what is it? I have never seen anything like that."

I too laughed, "Fuck off."

THE LAST DAYS IN COLLEGE

It was study time again, and we all started to attend the classes regularly, but this time without the arrogance and attitude that were earlier typical of us. During the weekends we went to some quiet place for a couple of drinks and relaxation. Nandini and Alisha too were back from their homes. Sonali's death had traumatized Nandini to such an extent that she didn't feel like staying alone at her house, so moved in with me. It was a great moment for me too as I also was down after Sonali's death. Now, it looked like there was a meaning and purpose to life, as both of us enjoyed doing things together, like cleaning the room, arranging things, and a little bit of gardening now and then. It was as if I had found out the true meaning of love.

One night, as we're preparing to go to sleep, she suddenly asked about Sonali.

Looking at the ceiling she mumbled, "So she committed suicide!"

I twitched my face, "Drug overdose; drugs and alcohol...too much of it..."

"Still, suicide, wasn't it?" She asked.

I nodded, “Her roommate had gone out of town, and she was alone. People do such strange things when they are depressed and alone.”

Nandini nodded her head, “It is our fault too; we should have given more time to her.” pausing for a second she continued, “But whoever thought she would do such a thing! I feel so sad about the whole thing.”

I took her hand in mine and said slowly, “Forget it; there is nothing anyone can do for her now. Try not to recall this nightmare.”

“And for Krunal I feel unhappy for him.” She said

“Yeah, Krunal.....the day after tomorrow there is his birthday; we must plan something.”

“Her face lit up.” “Yes, we must have a celebration.”

The next day, all of us except Krunal got together to plan the birthday party. Everyone had different ideas, and the discussions and deliberations went on for close to two hours. While Shivansh suggested ‘High Spirits Café’ for the birthday bash, Parth wanted to have it in ‘Water Stone Grill,’ and Nandini preferred to have it in the house. Finally, after a lot of deliberation, we decided on ‘Water Stone Grill’ and asked Shivansh to book the entire bar for the day. We wanted to make it the grandest party of our lives, so invited almost all classmates and some juniors and seniors, but not before cautioning them not to tell anything about this to Krunal.

The rest of the day passed in various arrangements for the birthday party. Parth brought a big birthday cake and kept it in my room, and we all waited for midnight. As the clock struck 12, we entered Krunal’s room and shouted ‘Happy Birthday’. Krunal cut the cake and all of us took turns in smearing more than half of it on his face. The happy look on Krunal’s face was rewarding enough for all of us.

In the college it was chaotic as everybody was crowding around Krunal to wish him. The hours dragged by and before we knew it was evening, so headed back home to get ourselves ready for the big bash. Shivansh ordered a 20-pound cake from the 'Forennte Bakery' and Parth took care of the other arrangements.

Around 8 O'clock we all proceeded to water Stone Grill in very high spirits.

The bar was decorated like heaven on earth, and Krunal had a perplexed expression on his face as he was unaware of all these.

Parth signaled to a waiter and soon they brought the cake and four Champagne bottles, and the party began in earnest. The counter was full of all kinds of liquors, including beers and champagne, and everybody really enjoyed the evening.

Around 12 am the guests left, most of them in a highly inebriated condition. I watched in admiration Krunal seeing off everyone with big 'ThanKs. Soon only the seven of us were left, and we sat down to have dinner.

Krunal was looking at us with a blank look in his eyes. He was talking to himself, "She had promised to celebrate my birthday together, but broke her promise and has gone away to this land...some unknown and unreachable land...." He sighed deeply while we sat around wondering how to console him.

Shivansh cleared his throat, "Brother, it is your birthday today; don't be sad...she must be watching you from somewhere and it will pain her a lot if she sees you like this."

Krunal tried to wipe away the tears, “I miss her a lot, all the more today.”

Parth went to him and put his hands around his shoulders and said slowly, “We wanted you to forget everything and be happy, hence this party....please, at least for our sakes, chin up; come, let’s finish the dinner.”

At home, Parth made drinks for everyone, and we gathered around for a bit of conversation before retiring for the night.

Krunal looked around and said, “Thanks for everything.”

I was thoughtful, “This was our last party of the college days.” I paused for a second, “Well, at least the graduation days...”

Shivansh, as always was serious, “Only two months left for the final exams; now we must forget everything else and concentrate on our studies, otherwise it would be a long struggle and big worry.”

Parth nodded his head, “Of course....and we will always remain friends forever.”

Krunal was in deep thought, “How quickly time passed....three years....like sand from the hands.”

I nodded, “Yes Krunal, you are right...time just flew away. I will always miss all these places, like the Sinhagad Fort, Phoenix Market, the College Campus, and especially this mansion....”

Parth too nodded his head. All he could say was, “Yes...yes...yes...”

Shivansh thought of removing the tension, “Parth, are you still stoned? Most of your experiences here must be stoned experiences’, yeah?”

Everybody started laughing aloud and I got up, “Okay, folks, to bed; I have an important class tomorrow and don’t want to miss it.”

As we know life is full of memories; some memories are forgotten easily while others remain with us till our last breath: they are evergreen memories that can be recalled anytime, anywhere.

The last days of our college life are still fresh in my mind. I can never forget them; they are important to me for so many reasons. Those days had a special charm and romanticism to them; everything during those days looked strange to me, yet they were very familiar. The friends, the professors, the little pranks, the canteen visits, and so on and on.....

Finally, the last day arrived; all courses finished, no more tedious lectures; no more notes to be taken down; no more reprimands from the teachers....How time flew!,like a bubble....

Signature day; stay in touch....

The day before the last college day was signature day; everyone would write their names, a small quote, and their signature on your T-shirt, and you can keep it as a memory throughout your life.

We all bought new white T-shirts and went to college to celebrate the signature day. First, we went to the various departments and got signatures of all the professors, then classmates started writing various quotes like, ‘This day will never happen again’, ‘Look back on

your college days and smile', 'I am not your heart, but I miss you' etc etc.

Farewell

On farewell, all the juniors had arranged a big party for us. We went to the shopping mall at Phoenix Market to buy new outfits and shoes for the farewell party as we were resolute to leave an impression on the juniors. It took us almost four hours to choose the best outfits, and around two in the afternoon we sat down at a round table in the Irish House and ordered Kingfisher beer and chicken lollipops. We sat around talking about a million things at once, afraid that we might never get another opportunity like that. Strangely I was worried that we might never sit around like that, and it frightened me beyond comprehension.

On that day, we all dressed like we were going to a grand marriage party. The college was decorated in a colossal way, with thousands of balloons and scores of roses and other flowers. We were a bit taken aback to see the juniors dressed in formal western suits and sarees looking matured beyond their ages.

We took our seats in the designated chairs and the cultural program began with dances, songs by the juniors. While someone was singing the song, "*yaaro dosti badi haseen*" hai the audience insisted Parth should join in with his guitar. The song was a big hit, with the melodious tone of the singer and the accompanying melodic guitar notes of Parth.

Then the ‘Rapid Fire Round’ began where the audience asked random questions and the guy involved in the round had to answer quickly without pondering over. One question was too tough for the guy, so everyone turned to me and I answered it.

The final round was choosing ‘Mr and Miss Farewell.’ Most of us thought the title would go either to Krunal or to me, but surprisingly Parth was chosen as the ‘Mr. Farewell’, and needless to say it shocked us to some extent.

It was almost the dying moments; we took selfies, shook hands with classmates and juniors, and said the appropriate parting words to the faculty members before proceeding to our house.

Shivansh couldn’t help himself; turning to Parth he said, “Congratulations asshole.”

Parth beamed from ear to ear, “Thanks; feeling very proud.”

Krunal sneered, “Not a big thing; as such it is said that every dog has its day.”

“When God gives, He gives abundantly” Shivansh said in an ethical tone.

I too became a bit philosophical, “Today, I realize that being a topper is not a big thing...there is no value, nobody cares....it’s people like Parth who get all the acclaim.”

Parth turned his head sharply, “Looks like you are not happy for me.”

Krunal shook the head, “We are happy for you, but not happy with the jury’s decision.”

Shivansh felt that things were going a bit off track, so said, “Leave it; we are just kidding.”

While we sat silently, Shivansh continued, “honestly, I am too sad and depressed....only ten more days, then we all go our way...”

Krunal made a sad face, “same here.”

“Don’t worry; we will meet at regular intervals,” I said

“So, when will our Europe tour start?” Krunal asked.

Soon, this year itself...only the four of us...” I said.

Exams began and we got immersed in it. We all wanted to do well in the exams, so put aside everything and got absorbed in our studies.

It was almost fifteen days before the exams finally got over and we became free birds.

That night we decided to celebrate differently. Instead of five-star restaurants and pubs we decided to taste the village food and atmosphere, so we went to a nearby village on the Highway and headed for an impoverished Dhaba. We took enough stock of the liquor and weed and sat there till the early hours celebrating the termination of our college days.

one day Alisha came to the mansion and said she wanted to talk to me and we went to the terrace.

“I am sorry for my insolent and offensive behavior in Daman.” She said without any preamble.

I shrugged, “Don’t lose any sleep over it; I have already forgotten it; moreover I am the devil, aren’t I?” I chuckled.

She came near and said in a serious tone, “You really did a lot for Sonali.

I hastened, "Okay, okay, don't talk about Sonali. If Krunal hears he will again start crying and it will be tough consoling him; he is too stoned to listen to reason. Today I don't want anything to spoil the atmosphere."

She looked at me for some time before saying, "I can see true love in your eyes for Nandini; don't spoil it; she is a diamond."

When Alisha had left, and we were alone, Shivansh asked whether we could go for a long drive. The rains had started and the setting was so romantic that I couldn't resist. We went to different parts of the city to say goodbye to every corner we had spent many memorable moments. We drank like there was no tomorrow, and with slow music, in the car, we drove around singing and drinking like thirsty cows. We stopped a while at the university's main gate before proceeding to the Residency Club, Irish House, Shruti's mansion, and many other places.

The next day, we collected all the books and put them in a library so a needy student could use it then went to every corner of campus. If someday I want to see again just remind you and again in the past within a second. Back to mansion shivansh make pegs ask parth to roll blunt today shivansh was full the mood to smoke till two-hour we have it then shivansh demand parth to sing two songs first one *tanha dil* of shaan and *Atrangi yaari* of wazir, parth took his guitar and started that twenty minutes were so awesome. wonderfully brought tears and why not when your besties have sung it in his voice then it definitely touches your soul and heart. Soon both krunal and parth start packing their clean luggage room. From the ceiling to floor once Krunal and parth saw around, both of their hearts and eyes got moist. We hugged each other. They pampered Bruno and

said miss you too Bruno. while shuffling his hairs. Both arrange their bags in cars and leave for their respective hometown.

As a pact shivansh promise me to spend some days in Pune as I want to see the real part of life so for a week, we give up all luxurious things wander on local transport, a dinner on roadside stalls even some time Nandini also join us like such place Dagdusheth Ganesh Mandir in auto-rickshaw.

Golgappa on street asking for dry one for the second time and till late night wander on moped scooter listening to a favorite Hindi song and playing the drum on the back of your best buddies. in hangover state on a long road gives a wonderful feeling whole night full tight than on the third day Went to a rushy place like fashion street, Laxmi market excellent. We saw this type of rush with people with helpful nature.

Then on the fourth day went to Nilayam single oldest theatre at Sadashiv Peth. It was our first time to visit such a place and both of us were so impatient to go inside. It was a pleasant experience. Some small little things give so much happiness to you, like buy a balloon from the street which was useless for us but that gives a big smile on others face. Giving money to a homeless person beyond their expectation gives so much happiness and peace to us. we realized how lucky we are lucky that we get a better education. Before we complete our rest of place, the shivansh father asks him to come back due to some urgent work.

last but not least a dinner with beloved Nandini's wish she intends to go for dinner with me. So that evening, I asked her to get ready. She looks so gorgeous on black knitted off-shoulder body on a dress

with long sleeves watching her decide what I have to wear which matches with her dress, and we both look like a beautiful couple. I put on a white v neck t-shirt with black blazer and denim. And Rolex watches on the left hand and jimmy choo sneaker shoes. Looking at me a smiley with one eyebrow up. She comments fetching. We take a seat in a car. I ask for a hotel, she asks to go to Hayaat, and we proceed to Kalyani Nagar. Her eyes on me and my heart to her. Reached hotel both came valet park car and through lift went to 8 floors at restaurant eighty-eight it's an outdoor seating with wooden artworks, and warm white lighting makes the place so pleasant.on the other side sparkling lights of city makes such a fantastic view it's just like heaven when your beloved was in front of you. She orders two mojitos mocktail in starter lasagna and sizzler in the main course. and our conversation starts.

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“So, what is your future plan?” Nandini asked after we had sat down.

“I am planning to pursue Masters from Delhi University.” Pausing for a second, I asked, “What about you?

“I want to do a masters in engineering from some college in Mumbai.” She said

I asked a little hesitantly, “If you are free we can go to Rome and Paris next month.”

She shook her head ruefully, “Sorry, already made plans to visit uncle's place in Jaipur; we will see after that.”

I nodded, “okay, but come to Delhi when you are free; we can tour the city.”

She nodded, then asked, “do you miss Krunal and Parth?”

I sighed, “A lot.”

At night both of us couldn’t sleep; Ranbir Kapoor and Deepika Padukone’s movie, “*yeh jawaani hai deewani*” is telecasting on Sony Channel. I am getting interested in this wonderful movie.

She came near and started kissing me all over before asking, “Will you marry me?”

I responded quickly, “Of Course. I love you so much; why, do you doubt are my love?”

She looked into my eyes before saying slowly, “please don’t leave me; I can’t live without you.”

I smiled, “Where am I going? Nowhere; we will get married when the time comes.”

“So, when is that time?” She asked.

I twitched my lips, “Don’t know; maybe four years.”

She shook the head, “Too long; at the most two years. I can’t wait more than that.”

“Okay, okay...two years.” We hugged each other and slept.

In the morning the three of us with Bruno proceeded to Mumbai. After leaving Nandini at her house we continued our journey towards Delhi. As Shivansh was too fond of Bruno, he went with him and I was left alone.

UNPREDICTABLE

After leaving Pune life got so boring but time passed very fast and before I realized three months had passed and our results were out. As expected I topped the University, so easily got admission for masters in Delhi University. Krunal and Parth too did well in their exams and took admissions in colleges near to their places. Shivansh scored well in TOEFL and GRE and got admission in the University of California. He was to go to the US next week.

That day Krunal called me.

“Brother, congratulations; you topped the University again” He said

“Thank you. What’s going on?” I asked

“Just enjoying in the bar with an asshole,” Krunal said jovially.

Shivansh is going to the US next week; come if you have the time; we will give him a memorable send-off.”

He sounded pleased, “Oh, that is wonderful. I will come but not sure about the asshole.”

“Give him the mobile,” I said. “Asshole, Shivansh is going to America, so we are planning a road trip. I want you too to join.”

“Yaasss boss, as you wish,” Parth said cheerfully.

“Ok, asshole; enjoy the joint and pint.” I put down the mobile.

On the appointed day Krunal and Parth came to Delhi with Parth’s cousin, Chirag Thakkar and we all went to Shivansh’s farmhouse at Dwarka Sector 21, but he was not there. I called him and he said he was at Starbucks, at Nehru Place with Urvashi. When we reached there both of them were gossiping over cups of steaming coffee.

“Sorry for the interruption,” I said

“Oh, Kabir, come, take a seat,” Urvashi said good-naturedly

“Krunal and Parth are waiting at the farmhouse,” I said

“Give us a few minutes; we will go.” shivansh to me.

Urvashi protested, “You said you will spend the whole day with me....now you are leaving?”

I too gripped, “For the last two months you too have been romancing continuously; now, give us some time.” I said to Urvashi

“Sorry Urvashi, it’s urgent. So sorry... we will meet later..... Now we are getting late.” shivansh to Urvashi

“*kabab mein haddi*” Urvashi was furious.

I gave her my car keys, and Shivansh and I proceeded towards his farmhouse.”

Both of us proceeded to the farmhouse in Sector 21. On the way, Shivansh stopped the car to buy liquor and other things as he was not sure about the stock at the farmhouse.

When we reached the farmhouse the three of them were in the swimming pool, splashing water at each other. I looked at Chirag, who was almost our age but had already married three times. They came and hugged Shivansh and we sat down to enjoy a few drinks before proceeding to the Ambiance Mall in Gurgaon to watch a movie.

It was well into the night when we reached back at the farmhouse. We had our dinner at the poolside but not before having a few joints and pegs. The chicken tandoori that Shivansh’s servant had prepared was simply superb and we enjoyed a great dinner.

I thank Parth to bring afghani hash and for rolling such great joints. Shivansh thought that he was qualified enough to start a coaching center for weeds and associated things.

Krunal chipped in by saying that the name of the Coaching Centre can be ‘Asshole Crushing and Rolling Institute.’

“Fuck off, fuck off all of you ruffians,” Parth said good-naturedly.

“Just have one puff; you will feel like out of this world” Parth said to Shivansh.

Oh, is that why you look like an alien?” Shivansh retorted.

Everyone had a hearty laugh.

Krunal said, “Okay, what is the plan for tomorrow? Where are we going?”

“Shimla and Manali, in my opinion,” Parth said.

“Moron; it is the rainy season; it could be too risky,” Shivansh said.

“There is a lovely place called Panchamarhi, near Bhopal,” Krunal said.

“It will take at least 15 hours to reach there by car, and I don’t think there are any direct flights to that place,” Shivansh said.

“So let us go to Rajasthan; so much history sleeping there,” I said

“Yes, I have heard about that haunted Kuldhara,” Chirag said

“Yeah, a tour there must be great,” Parth said.

Early morning with a new Porsche Cayenne which before a week gifted by Shivansh’s father on his birthday we start the journey towards Rajasthan through NH 48 we proceed to Jaipur. Within five hours, I reached Jai Mahal Palace at Jacob Road Jaipur and had lunch? Then before moving krunal buy two full Glenlivet 16 years for an evening. In two hours near about 3 pm reached the ajabgarh town. A place where bhangarh fort is situated. Park the car and take out whiskey and other stuff but it was not so kept in a car. There are many gates we enter through the Lahori gate. There was a big board of blue color written in white by an archaeological survey of India. It is written that its restricted access not to enter before and after sunset and after sunset but not written due to any paranormal activity Went to the top of the fort and other secret dark places of the

palace. Everyone was watching very keenly, maybe they wanted to catch any ghost. As the sun was going down everyone started going out as shivansh started obstinacy to go out as these things made him so faint and scared him. But krunal wants to stay as he wants to know something true or not and he wants to examine by sensitivity so remain for some time till then the sun gets red, and everybody is out only we five and there. Soon parth and Chirag are also afraid and they both ask to leave that place. Finally, krunal got ready, and we came out of the fort.

Start the return journey, but before that, we have to drink so we decided to have it in the car. Parth and Chirag take out bottles and start making drinks. While drinking and enjoying it, we didn't know when we reached Jaipur in two hours. Went to fuel station till we were busy in filing fuel parth buy ten Tuborg cane with three classic mild cigarette packets as the party starts now, so we all decided to have dinner at Rao Dhaba near kapriwas two and half hour from Jaipur which listed in top ten dhaba's in the country. Chirag starts driving and with a peg in hand cigarette in finger enjoying in the car at national highway 48 we are relishing the best part of bachelorhood and making the most unforgettable trip of a lifetime. Parth on the back seat starts rolling the joint. Shivansh in front with me enjoying his drink. Soon parth lighted the spliff and passed to everybody except Shivansh back to back he made four joints. Whiskey, beer, different types of blunt, cigarettes, all this stuff we are taking one by one with poking and pranking on each other. At the speed of 150, we feel like we are at 90 as compared to other cars due to smoothness and more tremor free. All were so high except shivansh after observing driving he asked chirag to flip the driving seat as he was so high. But I ask to change at Rao dhaba. The environment inside the car was so enjoyable. Krunal was recapping humorous memories

of the Leh Ladakh trip. Except shivansh his eyes on the road they three were resting with a peg in hands and chirag was overtaking the truck at the speed of 180 suddenly shivansh said ohhhshit (boom) and something heavily impinge on the right side of the car a vibration of that impinging observed by everyone as I turn back the saw a bike with two couples get fallen on the road. Got stunned and froze for a few moments.

Stop the car we have to take them to hospital: shivansh

Are you mad if we stop it will create a big issue: Chirag

After that Chirag increased speed to 220 and both of them arguing backsides shocked and in hangover lost the decision power. Due to the argument, Chirag stopped focusing on the road and started convincing shivansh suddenly near Neemrana front side truck gets impinge on our car as a terrifying sound like some explosion takes place. Suddenly an airbag opens back to back one more truck impinging car from the backside, and it causes more injury to our window, windshield glass was filled with blood patches. But Due to heavy stoned, we all get unconscious. Within half an hour an ambulance arrived to take us to medanta medicity Gurgaon.

24 hours passed and we three came to the normal state, but many things got weird. I didn't know at that time what a bad surprise was waiting for us. I saw Nandini sitting on a chair next to me with tears in eyes and mummy was on the right side my whole body was paining like hell. Don't know what happens to others. As I got up to ask she went to call the doctor. The doctor with the nurse came inside, they set drip to do other stuff then went out. What happened? As I ask

nandina. She said nothing and asked to take a rest. Watching on the ceiling I start reminding what happened? And suddenly everything was in front of my eyes.

Parth, cousin Chirag, was no more. As she said, I was shocked.

Everything is fine don't worry: Nandini

What happens to Shivansh? He is fine. And what happens to krunal and parth.

Just take rest. Tell you later: mummy

One week later I came to know the full incident as Chirag was dead on the spot. A bike that got impinge on a car was three-person including a two-year child that died at that time. Shivansh was in ICU due to blood loss, and the head injury went into a coma. Krunal has one fracture in hand. parth mentally ill as again impinging from the backside on head on the same place his chemical serotonin changes and due to this his mood swings suddenly that's why parth got mentally ill. I was also in a coma but only for a short time. This incident became a national news all-news channel, and print media was publishing a story by adding their own spices. Watching it on TV Nandini came to Delhi. As it's big trouble because of that bike incident daddy, closes that matter after giving some good amount. Shivansh was in ICU. I was dying to see him, but mummy didn't permit me to go there. I ask Nandini to go back to Mumbai. As she was staying in a hotel but after discharge asked her to go back. One day the driver took me to the hospital where Shivansh was resting in ICU, his face full of stitches were there on the head. I ask the doctor when he comes out. Same as expected it takes one day, one year, or maybe never. Listening to this my all sins appeared in front of my

eyes. Tears come out. The driver asks me to go back as daddy strictly tells him not to take more than an hour.

SIDE EFFECTS OF DRUGS

About a month later Krunal asked; the sadness in his voice was too painful to bear. I asked him about his hand, and he replied that it was getting better. Parth's condition was much worse; due to the head injury and excessive intake of drugs he had become mentally too unstable and was at Hope Rehabilitation Centre in Hyderabad. I asked whether Krunal could go to Hyderabad to see him, but due to the excessive media coverage, most of it in the negative, his parents weren't allowing him to even go out of Chandigarh. There was nothing more to tell him, so hung up after telling him to take care. I went to Dad's office at the Central Secretariat to talk to him.

"Daddy, I want to go to Hyderabad," I said without any starters

He looked up in a pensive mood and shook the head, "No; you are still weak."

"I will fly and be back in 24 hours," I said.

“Why, what happened? Why, Hyderabad?” Daddy asked curiously.

“Parth is in the Rehabilitation Centre there; his condition is very bad,” I said sadly.

He pressed his lips, “Okay, go, but take someone with you.”

Next day I proceeded to Hyderabad by Air India, dad’s trusted aide, Santosh Paul accompanying me. Daddy had already made all arrangements in the city of Charminar and a car was waiting for us at the airport. It took only 30 minutes for the expert local driver to take us to the Hope Rehabilitation Centre.

Initially, the security people didn’t allow us as we didn’t have an appointment, and as we are not family members it was not the visiting day, but finally, they relented after I told them that we had come all the way from Delhi to meet him.

A male nurse directed us to Parth’s room on the second floor. As I entered I was taken aback to see a frail, bearded man, and it took me a few seconds to realize that it was my friend, Parth. He immediately recognized me. Jumping out of the bed he hugged me before introducing me to his roommate.

The first thing he asked after the introductions was a cigarette. I told him that I had already quit smoking. He got angry at my words and insisted that I get him a fag or some marijuana. I promised him I will get them during my next visit.

He was wailing and asking me to take him out of there. He was getting too emotional and the atmosphere was getting unpleasant, mainly due to his mental state. The current condition of my dear friend was too much to bear, and I ran out of the room before promising him that I would take him out of there after the treatment. My eyes were full of tears and I had a tough time finding the right way to our car. Banging the car door with a loud bang I asked the driver to take us back to the airport. Paul suggested we should have lunch before

proceeding to the airport, but I was not in the right frame of mind to have any food. I just ask them to have their meal.

Around 8 in the night we landed at the Indira Gandhi Domestic terminal and reached home by 9 pm.

That night I couldn't sleep as so many memories started flooding into the mind: memories of Parth and his pranks; Shivansh and Chirag who had met such a horrible death, and Nandini.

In the morning I called Alisha.

"Hello, Alisha."

"Yes Kabir; how are you?" She asked pleasantly over the phone.

I took a deep sigh, "You know Parth is in Rehab?"

Her voice was too casual for comfort, "Yeah, I know, but what can I do about it?" She paused before continuing, "I moved on, Kabir."

I looked at the ceiling, "Can't you give him just one visit? He will appreciate it."

She was still casual, "just got engaged; marriage is fixed marrying next month. I don't think I should be going to meet him at such a time."

I was getting angry, "You have the heart of a stone...."

yes, I know that She said before disconnecting.

In the evening I went to the hospital to see Shivansh. As I watched through the door partition I could see Urvashi sitting beside him, holding his hand and staring blankly into his closed eyes. I didn't have the courage to face her, so just waited outside, looking through

the glass partition, praying to God that he would open his eyes and be like the old Shivansh.

After some time Urvashi got up to go back before. I hid behind the curtains so that she wouldn't see me, and then when she had left I went inside to sit near him. I looked at his closed eyes and hoped against hope that he would open it, at least for once. He didn't and I stood there crying like a little child.

At night after having dinner with Dad and Mom went to my bedroom but couldn't sleep as the mind was in big turmoil. The memories of Parth and Shivansh were keeping me awake.

The following nights were equally horrific; I couldn't sleep; it was like a fish out of water starts gasping. I lay down to sleep but my mind kept me awake, no matter how much I tried. I wished there was some sort of mechanism through which I could turn off my brain at night and have a good night's sleep. It was so bad that I started having hallucinations during the days.

It was then I decided to try drugs; till then I was not addicted to it, but slowly but surely I became addicted during the following days. My drawer was full of aluminum foils, needles, rolling papers, and so on. Later on, I came to know that my parents had already found out about them but had kept quiet so as not to offend me.

But one night, they did catch me red-handed.

"What's that?" Daddy asked as soon as they entered my bedroom, around midnight.

"Nothing," I said even while trying to throw away the needle.

"Do you think I am a fool?" Daddy was shouting. "I know everything but wanted to catch you red-handed."

I tried feebly, "It's only a cigarette."

"Then what are you doing with the needle?....aluminum foils, rolling papers....." Daddy was shaking his head sadly.

I broke down, "can't sleep at night; tried everything but failed...too depressed, dad."

"So you took this decision?" Daddy asked.

"Didn't find any other way." I looked away.

Daddy was quiet for some considerable time. Sitting on my bed he said slowly, "Cigarettes are okay, to some extent, but these things are too dangerous; they will spoil your life totally. Look what it has done to Parth"

I looked into his eyes, "Tell me; what should I do? I have been like this for a long time; you have come to know about it only now."

Daddy stirred slightly, "Again harping on the same line?... We didn't give you time; we were too busy for you etc etc...."

I smiled cruelly, "But that is the truth, isn't it, Daddy? You were too busy making money; had no or little time for me."

Daddy looked away, "Yes, you are right, but after your mother's death I had to immerse myself in something....plus there was your grandfather's legacy....yes, I agree...was too busy...."

"But, daddy, don't you think you too are responsible for my predicament?" I asked a little harshly.

Daddy came nearer and put his hand over my shoulders, "Kabir, life is not always just and easy; sometimes there are no answers to certain questions. Life is not easy if you have a drug addiction – or even if you don't. It's all about evolution; the strong survive. It's not just about physical strength; it is more about mental strength. Do you have the will to survive? Do you have the strength to make it one more time?

I sat stifled, not knowing what to say.

He continued, “As a person who has never had a drug addiction, I can only speak from that perspective. My insight into your world is only through observation. I do not wish to walk in your shoes, but I can tell you what it is like to walk in mine – if you are serious about recovery.”

As I looked at the ceiling wondering what to say, he continued, “I have no doubt from observing you that you hated every day you used drugs. I can see how your life was out of control, spiraling into a pit of hurt and despair may be because of my second marriage, maybe because I didn’t give you enough time, maybe your mother’s loss but you became so lost that the helping hands of others could not even be grasped.”

Getting up he moved towards the table and took a long sip from the water jar before returning and sitting beside me. He continued, “In time, the scales will balance and you will experience more joy than pain. But for now, you must travel the difficult path and find the will to survive. You will become stronger each time you choose to steer away from that dangerous and tempting path at the fork in the road. It may be hard to see because the path to recovery is difficult. But please know you are not walking alone – hands of help are reaching out to you with your every step.”

Again he stopped and looked at me, “Your stepmother loves you a lot; she could have had another child but she didn’t because of you. She too is working day and night so that one day you will have all the comforts of life. Remember one thing always, son, we are always here if you want us.”

For the first time in my life, I felt relaxed in the presence of my parents. I hugged him and cried for a long time. I took the decision to never again touch any kind of drug.

But the pains remained as they refused to leave my mind and heart. Many times I wondered about the outcome if we hadn't taken that trip. Shivansh would have been in the US completing his studies, and Parth, Chirag, and Krunal would have been enjoying life.

I reflected on the life I had till then and decided that it needed change-a drastic change.

In the early morning, I came down and asked Mummy to prepare Poha for breakfast. She was pleasantly surprised.

Firstly Mummy looked thrilled, and started staring for some time with a smile ask. do You like Poha?"

I nodded enthusiastically, "It is so delicious; I should have had more of it earlier."

"Don't worry about the past; give me ten minutes; poha will be ready." She ran to the kitchen.

I followed her to the kitchen, took a seat, and asked casually, "So how's a business going on?"

"Going fine; now we are setting up a gear manufacturing unit in Faridabad. Soon you have to run this empire." She said

I grimaced, "Okay, I will but after some time."

"It is a big empire; it is important you get some working experience before you take it up."

I nodded.

She continued, "I have been waiting for this day all my life here; wanted you to see how much we love you."

I smiled ruefully, "Sorry for the way I treated you mom; now, I will be a good son."

She laughed pleasantly, “Okay, sorry accepted; now do me a favor: marry Nandini at the earliest; she is a good girl and loves you a lot.”

I said, “I will, mom, but not now, I have some unfinished work; I will definitely marry her at the right time.”

She sighed, “I know you are not happy from inside because of Shivansh...don't worry, he will get well soon.”

I said in a contemplative tone, “I have everything, yet not fully happy. I think I should go to the temple; maybe God can give me some peace of mind.”

She smiled.

I asked, “Suggest me a good temple.”

“All temples, churches, mosques, and Gurdwaras are good; God is everywhere; just go to any one of these and you will get peace of mind.”

Take the car; Santosh will take care of everything.” I turned around as Daddy said from the door.

I said slowly, “No Dad, I want to go by train, I want to see people, places and want to experience life like a common man.”

Daddy nodded agreeably. I could see pure joy in his eyes.

IN SEARCH OF GOD

But before I started on my pilgrimage in search of peace and happiness I wanted to see Shivansh one more time. I reached his house around noon and was greeted by his mother at the door. As soon as she saw me, she started crying; I didn't know how to console her so I hugged her and stayed that way for some time. Hearing the commotion Bruno came there and he started jumping all over me. With tearful eyes, I said goodbye to aunty and went to the hospital to see Shivansh. He was still in a coma; after offering a silent prayer for him I returned home to prepare for the pilgrimage.

Pilgrimages are undertaken for a number of different reasons, mine for mental peace. Many see pilgrimage as a spiritual metaphor; just as the pilgrim undertakes a great and difficult journey in search of a hallowed shrine, so each individual must undertake a pursuit for the divine in each of us. Pilgrimage is thus a metaphor for the great spiritual quest of life — the search for the sacred center in which pilgrims will find their true selves reflected in the image of the divine.

I took the Magadh Express from New Delhi Station and proceeded towards Varanasi, a place well known for its spiritual atmosphere. There are more than 2000 temples, but the main is Kashi Vishwanath temple dedicated to Lord Shiva. And of course, there is the most sacred river, Ganga; it is said that a person who bathes in the sacred water of Ganga will attain eternal peace because through the holy bath all his sins are washed away.

The train reached Varanasi early next morning and I took boarding and lodging in a moderate hotel not far from the temple.

Without wasting much time at the hotel, I went to dashashwamedh ghat for a plunge in the Ganga River. It was a wonderful experience, and I watched silently as people were immersing the ashes of their departed relatives in the holy water.

Afterward, I proceeded towards the Kashi Vishwanath temple and folded my hands, praying for my family, friends.

After a light lunch, I went to the Ghat where people were immersing ashes of dead bodies and sat on the sand near shore. I had heard or read somewhere that for those who are unable to die in Banaras, cremation on the banks of the Ganges or the spreading of the ashes in her waters is the next best thing. Referred to as the "River of Heaven" or the "Goddess and Mother," she is considered to be sacred from her source in the Himalayas, all the way to the sea in the Bay of Bengal. Her power to destroy sins is so great that people say, "Even a droplet of Ganges water carried one's way by the breeze will erase the sins of many lifetimes in an instant".

It was sometime before I became aware that a stranger had come near and was sitting near me, watching me with sparkling eyes.

Without any introductions, he said in a gruff voice, "Fools...morons...they think spreading ashes in the water will wash away their entire sins..." Saying this he laughed in a shrill tone.

"But it is written in the Holy Books..." I couldn't help replying to him.

He shook the head without saying anything.

I was curious, "So how can one get free from his /her sins?"

A slight frown went across his face, "Sins were committed by you; how can anyone else free you from that?"

After sitting quietly for a while he said, “Different religions would teach different ways to atone for sins. But in most, if not all cases, the teachings of that religion, in sacred texts and so forth, explain what is to be done to atone for sin. Since God or the gods are the source of these teachings to follow them is by definition not sinning according to the worldview that says a certain act is a sin and prescribes the actions for the atonement.”

As I sat contemplating he continued, “Don’t harm anyone, humans or animals, not even plants; say and feel sorry for your sins, and decide to never again commit them; that’s all you need to get out of salvation.”

I couldn’t resist, “So why are so many people coming here to take baths and immerse ashes in the Ganga?”

He nodded, “There is something magical in this water that makes one feel burdenless. It is their belief that is doing it. Remember one thing: *Bhagwan din se nahi dil se pooje jate hai.*” The whole world works on scientific circumstantial evidence, only one universal law.

I asked, “How long will it take for me to attain peace?”

He once again shook the head, “I don’t know...maybe one month...maybe one year or full lifetime, but one day you will attain it.”

The next day I continued my pilgrimage, this time to Ajmer; specifically the Ajmer Sharif Dargah. From there I continued on to Shirdi and then to Tirupati Balaji temple.

My final destination was Hyderabad, where I went to see Parth.

He was getting better and beamed as I entered the room. He saw me get totally surprised and a smile appeared on his face.

“You, looking far better,” I said jovially.

He nodded, "Yes, feeling much better."

"So, when are they discharging you?" I asked.

He smiled, "who knows; maybe when the doctors decide I am fit enough to go."

After some time, he asked, "How is Shivansh?"

I shook my head sadly, "Still in a coma; hoping against hope he will come out of it soon."

Parth looked away before saying, "Alisha came some time back; her family was pressing her to get married. She was here to get my nod."

I was curious, "what did you tell her?"

"Told her to go ahead and get married." He said resignedly.

I nodded, "The right decision; now, get well soon; the whole life is waiting for you."

Finally, I was back at home, in my cozy bedroom. Already I was feeling a wonderful bliss filling my mind and body.

One night when I was thinking about my past life Mummy came in.

"What happened; why are you still awake?" She asked.

I smiled, "Just busy thinking about how to get peace."

She nodded before saying, "Have patience; you will get it. Peace is not an outside thing; it is inside you. Don't stress too much. In due course, you will definitely see it and feel it."

I was greatly impressed by her spiritual knowledge and wanted to get her side of the matter. I said, “How can I get peace?”

She said, “Many foundations help you to come out from this illusionist world; for that, you have to go to Brahma kumari Om Shanti, Vipassana or Dada Bhagwan; they give true spiritual knowledge and experience.”

“I think I will go to Vipassana; I have heard a lot about it,” I said.

She said, “Okay, but for ten days you will have to cut off all outside connections; can’t even take your mobile there.”

“Don’t worry; I will manage,” I said.

“And, promise one thing: you will never again take any drugs.” She said looking into my eyes.

I was only happy to make the promise, “I promise.”

For ten days I stayed there without any outside connection or thoughts. It was a wonderful experience, and when I came out I found a new Kabir inside me which was free from ignorance and free from the materialistic world.

